

T H E
M E R R Y D R O L L,
O R
P L E A S I N G C O M P A N I O N.

C O N S I S T I N G O F A
V A R I E T Y O F F A C E T I O U S A N D
E N G A G I N G S T O R I E S ;

A N D
F A M I L I A R L E T T E R S.

I N W H I C H
S e v e r a l E N T E R T A I N I N G A D V E N T U R E S
a r e t r u e l y r e l a t e d ;

A N D
D i v e r s I n s t a n c e s o f L O V E a n d G A L L A N T R Y,
E l e g a n t l y d i s p l a y e d.

I N C L U D I N G A L S O , S O M E
P O E T I C A L R E C R E A T I O N S ;

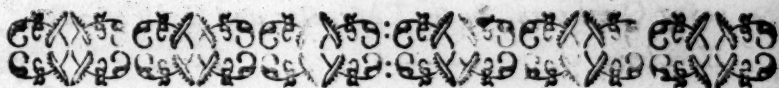
B e i n g a C o l l e c t i o n o f
M E R R Y T A L E S , D I V E R T I N G F A B L E S ,
P L E A S I N G P A S T O R A L S ,

A N D
O t h e r S E L E C T P I E C E S.

T H E W H O L E
M O R A L , I N S T R U C T I V E A N D E N T E R T A I N I N G.

L O N D O N :
P r i n t e d f o r C . P A R K E R , t h e U p p e r P a r t o f N e w -
B o n d S t r e e t . M D C C L X I X .





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THE
MERRY DROLL, &c.

Stories of King HENRY IV. *of France.*



HIS Prince would often divert himself with disappointing the expectations of his voracious courtiers. A poor peasant happen'd to have a very large turnip growing in his garden; such as he thought would be an acceptable present for the king, and accordingly carries it to his majesty. Seeing the simplicity of the man, and that what he did proceeded from the loyalty of his heart, rewarded him with a thousand marks. A courtier

B

seeing

seeing this, presented him with a fine horse; supposing that the king, who rewarded a poor peasant so generously for a turnip, he would certainly make him some noble gratuity for so fine a present. The king presently smelt out the plot, and so gave him the turnip, saying, *It cost me a thousand marks.*

The same king having had a large sum of money presented him by some of his subjects, for some favour he had done them, order'd it to be laid on a table. Then calling his courtiers about him, declar'd that he would give all that money to the most deserving man in his court; and desired each of them to set forth his particular services, that so he might the better judge of their several merits. Upon which they began; one to shew how serviceable he had been to his majesty on such an occasion; another, what pains he took in such an affair, in short, every one extoll'd his own deserts in some respect or other. After the king had diverted himself a good while in this manner, in hearing their several claims, and observing their eager expectations, turning himself to the chancellor, who had been silent all this while, what says my chancellor, said he? Why dost not thou put in thy claim? the chancellor modestly reply'd, That he had long enjoy'd more of his majesty's favours than he had deserv'd, and therefore he had nothing more to claim of his majesty. Very well, said the king, turning to the courtiers again, My Chancellor, it seems is rich enough; and then fell to examining their several pretensions again, which rais'd their hope more than ever. At last, he bid the Chancellor take home the money, and as to his other



other friends, he would reward their services another time.

The same *Henry* walking in his palace, one of his retinue spied a louse crawling upon the king's mantle, and with humble and due respect approach'd, took it off, and threw it upon the ground. The king ask'd him, what it was? The servant was unwilling to tell him; but being commanded, said, It was a louse. *Very well*, said the King, *it puts me in mind that I am a man*, and order'd him a purse of money. Not long after, another, seeing how generously the king rewarded so trifling a service, with a great deal of bowing and cringing, seem'd to take off something from his majesty's cloak, and throw it upon the ground as the other had done. The king ask'd him what it was? With much seeming reluctance, he at last told him it was a flea. *A flea!* said the king: *What! dost thou take me for a dog?* and then order'd him to be severely punish'd for his presumption.

Anecdote of Lord Chancellor TALBOT.

THIS right noble Lord, when he was under the tuition of the reverend ———, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so, he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promise, and order'd that

presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his lordship, to remind him of his promise, and to ask him for that very living. *Why really,* said my lord, *I wish you had come a day sooner, for I have given it away already; and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame.* So putting the presentation into his hand, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

Little Anecdotes of Dean SWIFT.

IT was a usual practice with Dean Swift, when he came out of church, to give the poor something who stood at the door. Once as he came out of the church door, he was presently surrounded with poor objects, to every one of whom he gave some charity, excepting one old woman, who holding out a very dirty hand, he told her very gravely, *That tho' she was a beggar, water was not so scarce but she might have washed her hands.*

The dean had usually a squabble with some or other of his servants at dinner-time. One day at dinner, he placed himself at the head of the table, opposite to a great pier-glass, and behind him was a marble side-board, so that he could see in the glass whatever his servants did at it. The beef was brought up; but being overdone, put all the company in confusion; the dean called for the cook, and order'd her to take it away and do it less; the maid answer'd
very

very innocently, ' She could not.' ' Why, what sort of a creature are you, says he, to commit a fault that can't be mended? Then, turning to the company, said very gravely, that as the cook was a woman of genius, he should by this manner of arguing be able, in about a year's time, to convince her she had better to send up the meat too little than too much done ;' charging the men servants, whenever they imagin'd the meat was ready, they should take it spit and all, and bring it up by force, promising to aid them if the cook resisted. The dean then turning his eye on the looking glass, espied the butler opening a bottle of ale, and helping himself to the first glass, then jumbled the rest together, that his master and the guests might all fare alike. ' Ha ? friend, says the dean ; sharp's the word ; I find you drink my ale, for which I stop two shillings of your board-wages this week, for I scorn to be out done in any thing, even in cheating.'

When the dean paid a visit to any of his friends, it was his way to run up into the garret, then into the bed-chambers, and then down into the kitchen, saying, ' It was his custom ; and that it was from the cleanliness of the garret and kitchen, that he judged of the good housewifery of the mistress of the house ; for no doubt but a slut would have the rooms clean, where the guests were to be entertained.'

The last time the dean was in *London*, he went to dine with lord *Burlington*, who then was but newly married.

married. My lord being willing to have some diversion, did not introduce him to my lady, nor mention his name. 'Tis to be observed, his gown was generally very rusty, and his person no way extraordinary—After dinner, said the dean, 'Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing, sing me a song.' The lady looking upon this uncereemonious manner of asking with distaste, positively refused him. He said, she should sing, or he would make her, 'Why, madam, I suppose you take me to be one of your poor paltry *English* hedge parsons; sing, when I bid you.' As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed, that she burst out into tears, and retired. His first compliment to her, when he saw her again, was, 'Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natur'd now, as when I saw you last?' To which she answer'd with great good humour, 'No, Mr. Dean, I'll sing for you if you please.' From which time he conceived great esteem for her.

*A surprising Account of a Rosicrucian,
in a Letter communicated by his Serene
Highness Prince Frederick, Duke of
Holstein and Sleswick.*

My friend,

YOU have desired of me an account of the life and death, inheritance and heirs, of master B. J. of happy memory: I return you this answer in *Latin*, as yours to me was, tho' I be not exactly skill'd in it.

He

He was by nation a *Jew*, by religion a christian; for he believed in CHRIST the saviour, and openly made profession of the same. He was a man of great honesty, and gave great alms in secret. He lived chastely a batchelor, and took me when I was about twenty years of age, out of the house where orphans are maintained by the public, and caused me to be instructed in the *Latin*, *French*, and *Italian* tongues; to which afterwards by use I added the *Jewish* or *Hebrew*. He made use of me, so far as I was capable, in his laboratory, for he had great skill in physic, and cured most desperate diseases.

When I was twenty-five years of age, he called me into his parlour, and made me swear to him, that I would never marry without his consent or knowledge; which I promised and have religiously kept.

When I was thirty years of age, one morning he sends for me into his parlour, and said very lovingly to me, My son, I perceive that the balsam of my life, by reason of extreme old age coming on (for he was nigh eighty years of age) is well nigh wasted, and that consequently my death is at the door; wherefore I have writ my last will and testament, for the use and benefit of my brother's sons, and of you, and have laid it upon the table of my closet, whither you nor any mortal ever entred; for you durst not so much as knock at the door, during the hours set apart for my devotion. Having said this, he went to the double door of his closet, and daubed over the joinings thereof with a certain transparent and crystalline matter, which he wrought with his fingers till it became soft and yielding like wax, and imprinted his golden seal upon it: The said matter was immedi-

ately harden'd by the cold air, so that, without defacing the seal, the door could no way be opened.

Then he took the keys of the closet, and shut them up in a small cabinet, and sealed the same as before with the same crystalline matter, and deliver'd the said cabinet, after he had sealed it, into my hands, and charged me to deliver the same to none but his brother's sons, Mr. *Jesse Abra*, and *Solomon Joelba*, who at that time lived in *Switzerland*, the eldest of them being a batchelor.

After this he returned with me into the parlour, and in my presence dropped the golden seal he had made use of, into a glass of clear water, in which the said seal was immediately dissolved, like ice in hot water; a white powder settling at the bottom, and the liquor was tinged with the pale red of a *Provence* rose. Then he closed the said glass vial, with the above-mentioned transparent matter, and charged me to deliver the said vial, together with the keys to Mr. *Jesse*.

This being done, he repeated upon his bended knees, some of *David's* psalms in *Hebrew*, and betook himself to his couch, where he was used to sleep after dinner, and commanded me to bring him a glass of *Malaga*, which now and then he sparingly made use of; as soon as he drank off his wine, he bid me come to him, and leaning his head upon my shoulders, he fell into a quiet sleep, and after an hour's time, fetched a very deep sigh, and so yielded his soul to God, to my great astonishment.

Upon this, according to my promise, I wrote into *Switzerland*, to give notice of his death to his nephew;

nephew; and to my great wonder, the very day after my blessed master died, I received a letter from Mr. *Jesse*, wherein he enquired whether my master was alive, as if he had known every thing that had passed; as indeed he did by means of a certain instrument of which hereafter I shall make mention.

A little while after his nephew came, to whom I gave an account of what had passed; all which Mr. *Jesse* heard with a smile, but the other brother, not without astonishment and wonder. I gave him the keys, together with the glass in which was the afore-said golden solution; but they refused to meddle with any thing that day, being tired with their journey; but on the morrow, after I had carefully shut all the doors of the house, and none but they and I were present, Mr. *Jesse* took the glass vial, and broke it over a china dish, which might receive the inclosed liquor, and took some of the said liquor, and put it upon the transparent matter, with which the cabinet was sealed, and immediately the matter, which before was hard as crystal, was dissolved into a thickish water; so he opened the cabinet, and took thence the keys of the closet.

Then we came to the door of the closet, where Mr. *Jesse* having seen the seal, he wetted it as formerly with the afore mention'd liquor, which immediately gave way; and so he opened the said double door, but shut it again, and falling down upon his knees, prayed, as we also did. Here I saw great miracles.

In the midst of the closet stood a table, whose frame was of ebony; the table itself was round, and of the same wood, but cover'd with plates of beaten

gold. Before the table was placed a low footstool for to kneel upon ; in the midst of the table stood an instrument of a strange and wonderful contrivance, the lower part of it, or pedestal was of pure gold, the middle part was of most transparent crystal, in which was inclosed an incombustible and perpetually shining fire ; the upper part of it was likewise of pure gold, made in the form of a small cup or vial.

Just above this instrument hung down a chain of gold, to which was fasten'd an artificial chrystal of an oval form, filled with the aforesaid perpetual fire.

On the right side of the table we took notice of a golden box, and upon the same a little spoon ; this box contained a balsam of a scarlet colour.

On the left side we saw a little desk of massy gold, upon which was laid a book containing twelve leaves of pure beaten gold, being tractable and flexible as paper ; in the midst of the leaves were several characters, as likewise in the corners of the said leaves : But the spaces between the center and corners of the leaves, were filled with holy prayers.

Under the desk we found the last will of my deceased master. Whilst we were in the closet, Mr. *Jesse* kneeled down, leaning upon the desk, and with most humble devotion, repeated some of the fore mention'd prayers, and then with the little spoon took up a little of the aforesaid balsam, and put it into the top of the instrument, which was in the midst of the table ; instantly a most grateful fume ascended ; which, with its most pleasing odour, did most sensibly refresh us : But that which to me seem'd miraculous was, that the said fume ascending, caused the perpetual fire inclosed in the hanging crystal to
flash

flash and blaze terribly, like some great star or lightning.

After this, Mr. *Jesse* read the will; wherein he bequeathed to him all his instruments and books of wisdom, and the rest of his goods to be equally divided between him and his brother; besides, he left me a legacy of 6000 golden ducatoons, as an acknowledgment of my fidelity.

And accordingly, first, enquiry was made for the instruments and books of wisdom; of those that were on and about the table I have spoke already. In the right side of the closet stood a chest of ebony, whose inside was all cover'd with plates of beaten gold, and contained twelve characters engraved on them.

From thence we went to view a large chest, containing twelve looking-glasses, not made of glass, but of a certain wonderful unknown matter; the centers of the said looking-glasses were filled with wonderful characters, the brims of them were inclosed in pure gold, and between the said brims and center they were polished looking-glasses, which received all opposite images.

After this we open'd a very large chest or case, in which we found a most capacious looking-glass, which Mr. *Jesse* told us was *Solomon's*, looking-glass, and the miracle of the whole world; in which the characters of the whole universe were united.

We saw also in a box of ebony, a globe made of a wonderful matter; Mr. *Jesse* told us, that in the same globe was shut up the fire and soul of the world, and that therefore the said globe of itself performed all its motions, in exact harmony and agreement with those of the universe.

Upon this box beforementioned stood another, which contained an instrument resembling a clock-dial, but instead of the figures of the twelve hours, the letters of the alphabet were placed round this, with a hand or index pointing at them. Mr. *Jesse* told us, that this instrument would move of itself, upon the motion of a corresponding sympathetic instrument which he had at home, and that by means of this instrument, my happy master had signified to him his approaching death; and that after this signification, finding that his instrument remained without motion, he concluded my master was dead.

Last of all, we came to the books of wisdom, which he opened not. Near the said books was placed a box of gold full of a most ponderous powder of a deep scarlet colour, which Mr. *Jesse*, smiling, took and put up.

Near to the closet where we were, was another closet adjoining, which we enter'd into, and there found four large chests full of small ingots of pure gold, out of which they gave me my legacy of 6000 gold ducatoons in a double proportion. Mr. *Jesse* refused to take for himself any of the said gold; for he said, those things which were before bequeathed to him, did fully content him, for he was skill'd in my master's art, and therefore order'd his part of the gold to be bestowed upon several poor virgins of kin to him, to make up their portions. I myself married one of them, and had with her a good portion out of the said gold; she embraced the christian religion, and is yet alive.

Mr. *Jesse* packed up all the things, and carried them home with him into *Switzerland*, tho' since that he hath

hath chose himself a quiet and well tempered place in the *East Indies*, from whence he writ to me last year, offering to adopt my eldest son, whom I have accordingly sent to him.

During the time we were in the closet, I saw strange miracles effected by the said instruments of wisdom, which I neither can nor dare set down in writing. Thus much, my intimate friend, I was willing you should know ; more I cannot add.

Farewel.

*The LOVER'S ALCHEMY ; or, a Wife
got out of the Fire.*

NOT far from *York* there lived, not long since, a covetous old squire. By his parsimony he became very rich ; yet he wanted not a share of good sense, and was extremely fond of philosophical experiments, and spent much of his time in the study and practice of *Alchemy*. This *Gripe*, (for so I shall call him) had an only child, a daughter, who, in the most dutiful manner, always submitted to his directions and commands ; and never shewed the least dislike of any thing, till her father proposed to his lovely *Eugenia*, for that was her name, the disagreeable match with his nephew *Dulman*, heir to an immense fortune, but more approved by old *Gripe* for his greedy avaricious temper. Nothing could be more opposite to *Eugenia's* inclinations, than to be tied to such an ill-natur'd young coxcomb, and one remarkably

ably mean in his conversation, company, and expences.

However, *Gripe* resolved it should be so; and in order to her better accomplishment, for so good a match, she was previously sent to town, under the care of an old aunt, to learn to dance, and to see the court, the play-house, and the fashions. From whence she had orders to return to her father's house, to be sacrificed to that monster.

Eugenia's aunt, whose fortune, or perhaps-greedy disposition, would not permit her to keep house, was in genteel lodgings at this time; where also lodged one Mr. *Comely*, a gentleman of about thirty, of excellent parts, sense, and learning, but had imprudently spent his fortune in search of the *Philosophers Stone*. Mr. *Comely* had frequent opportunities of being in company with the old lady, and by that means had the pleasure of seeing and admiring her niece's beauty. In short, it was not long before *Eugenia* fell in love with him.

Comely, having learned from the aunt, the reason of her niece's visit to town, and that she was promised to a rich gentleman in the country; and ignorant of the impression he himself had made on the young virgin's heart, entertained not the least thought of interposing, and kept a guard upon his passion, tho' he was deeply enamour'd with her beauty and good humour, and suffer'd much under the apprehensions that he was doom'd to love one without hopes of a return, as he thought; till *Dulman* one day came to London to pay her a visit.

The aunt invited *Comely* to dine with them. At this interview, *Comely* observed so much indifference

rency in the beautiful *Eugenia* towards her slovenly lover *Dulman*, whose discourse turned wholly upon his dogs, his horses, and debauches, and who soon after dinner relinquished the charms of his intended bride, to seek for illicit pleasures in the town; and *Eugenia* also shewing her resentment at *Dulman's* abrupt and uncivil departure, *Comely* lost no time to improve the opportunity of these circumstances, and to declare to *Eugenia* the passion he had for her, with so moving and effectual address, that he soon forced her to own the like passion concealed in her own breast for him. The aunt not only winked at their courtship, but abhorring the thoughts of so fine a girl's being thrown away on such a miserly country dolt, kept the secret, and consented to help the lovers to steal a wedding; tho' she told *Comely* that her brother *Gripe*, who had promised to give the blockhead *Dulman* 10,000 *l.* with his daughter on the day of marriage, would never forgive the person who married her without his consent. *Comely* was so deeply smitten, that he thought of nothing but how to secure the valuable prize inclosed in the amiable *Eugenia*; the day was fixed, and the ring was bought for the marriage, nay, they were dressed, and ready to proceed to church to solemnize the nuptials; when Mr. *Gripe*, informed by miss's chamber maid of all that was contriving, arrived with *Dulman* and proper officers at the door of their lodgings, to take up all that were concerned in the affair, and to secure his daughter.

Thunder struck at this unexpected visit; and judging it the most prudent and likeliest way for them to accomplish their wishes and vows in the end, it was agreed

agreed by the lovers to separate at present : And having vow'd eternal constancy to each other, and sealed their vows with a kiss, a sigh, and a tear, *Comely* advised her niece and her aunt to go out forwards, while he himself retreated the back way, assuring his beloved that he would be in *Yorkshire* before her, and that he had already hit upon a contrivance, which cou'd not fail of putting them in possession of each other.

The ladies, as agreed, went forwards, and were seized on the threshold by the old father, who asking them, *Where so early?* Was answer'd by the sister, *That they were going to the park to take the air.* Ay, ay, replies Mr. *Gripe*, *I see you are both very airy; but I hope that Yorkshire air will agree better with my daughter; and then added, Good, sweet, obedient daughter, get you ready for a march home. But where is that generous bridegroom of yours, that adventurous knight, that dares venture on you without my leave, that is, without a farthing?*

Having searched the house for *Comely* in vain; and waited an opportunity to surprize him for a full week, old *Gripe* returns home with his daughter, and on his arrival found all the country ringing with the praises of a certain *Rosicrucian*, lately arrived in those parts, and who had given to the most experienced, such convincing proofs of his knowledge in *Alchemy*, as obliged them to receive him as another *Paracelsus*. *Gripe* was taken in the snare, and was instantly all in a flame to discourse with this mighty philosopher by fire. Next morning he went in quest of him, and found him dressed philosophically with a pair of mus-tachios for a better disguise, and retailing a deal of learning

learning about *Amalgamas, Alkalsboims, Cohabitations, Calcinations, Fixations*, and I know not what; which old *Gripe* understood to a *Te*; nor would he part with him. And after some private conversation on the art at a tavern, he carried him home to his house, with a promise that he should continue there as private as a hermit in his cell; for that nobody should see or serve him but himself; because the philosopher pretended to excuse his acceptance of his favour of not being worthy such a gentleman's regard; and of being unwilling to be seen in public, or to contract acquaintance with any man.

Gripe being perfectly persuaded of his guest's capacity, would not be said nay: And had no sooner got him lock'd up in his laboratory, but he put him on the transmutation of two ounces of copper into gold. The *Alchemist*, having conceal'd a proportionate quantity of gold in a piece of charcoal, invites his host, *Gripe* to see the whole operation, and while the old gentleman was busy in blowing the furnace, his guest, under pretence of mending the fire with his tongs, dextrously, as it were accidentally let drop the coal, which contain'd the gold, into the crucible. The great heat presently melted the gold; and the coal being reduced to ashes, they fell out with continual blowing. He then took a little box out of his pocket, and desiring *Gripe* to join with him in prayer, for the success of the experiment, he put into the crucible the quantity of three or four grains of a certain powder, which he said would turn the *Venus*, or *Copper*, into *Sol* or pure *Gold*. This powder made the copper evaporate; and then there remain'd

remain'd only the gold in the crucible. *Gripe* cast it out, weighed it, and touch'd it, and found it real gold, worth about 8 l. sterling. The old man offer'd him the value in coin, but the *Alchemist* refused it, and desired it might be given to the poor. *Ay* (said *Gripe* to himself) *eight shillings will do as well for them: 'Tis more than I owe them I am sure, by the parish book.*

After several of these experiments, which our *Alchemist* performed with success; the old miser, almost crazy with joy of having such a profitable guest, who turn'd every thing he gave him into gold, and would take none of it himself; asked him one day, when they were shut up together (for the philosopher had never stirr'd out of his chamber since he was first conducted into it) *How old he was?* and hearing that he was only *thirty-two*, replied, 'Then you are young enough to marry; and you shall either discover all your art to me, or you shall marry my daughter.' The philosopher after some hesitation, and declaring that he never would divulge the art to any one but such as should know how to use so great a blessing, said, 'Since there is a necessity for me to chuse one of the mischiefs, *I'll marry your daughter*, provided it be with her consent; for I'll have no violence offer'd to her inclinations.' 'I am content,' says *Gripe*, 'I'll fetch her to you instantly, she's a good handsome country girl, I'll tell you that for your comfort; and she's as godly as you for the heart of you.'

Away goes *Gripe*; told his daughter his intentions; and without waiting her answer, forced her along with him into the philosopher's apartment.

The

The philosopher whose face and hands were begrim'd with charcoal and smoak, appear'd to her, so frightful at her first entrance, that *Eugenia* cried out, *Bless me! what! d'ye mean, Sir, to marry me to the devil?* 'No more prattle, gossip, replied the father, you know my will; and you shall do it; and so I leave you together.'—I can't express the confusion of the young lady at this resolution—which being perceived by our *Vulcan*, he no sooner found themselves alone, 'but said, *Madam, can you like me for a husband?*' Ah! 'Sir, cry'd she, if you have not more humanity than my father, I am lost for ever. I cannot marry you.' 'Then, *Madam*, returned he, *you must marry your first cousin.*' She wept, and drying up her tears, replied with a sob, 'I confess, Sir, were I at my own disposal, I should rather chuse you than him.'—'But—I am not.' 'Nor will I be denied, *Madam!*' said the *Alchemist*; *Take that ring, and read your destiny.*' She took it, and was startled at the posie: Then looking on him wishfully was wonderfully surprized, discover'd his person, and cried out with extasy, *Mr. Comely!* Yes, says he, *my dear Eugenia!* What follow'd is more easily imagin'd, than express'd.

What remain'd now to be done, was to guard against all suspicion in the old man, and to engage him to settle on her the fortune now, if she yielded to marry by his command, as had intended to be given with her to *Dulman*. So that when her father returned she submitted to his will in these terms. 'Sir, I have consider'd that it is more agreeable to nature, at least it is to my inclination, than it is to marry my own first cousin; and therefore I will

• sacrifice

'sacrifice my own desire to your pleasure, if you will
 'first give me the 10,000*l.* designed with me to my
 'cousin. For as this gentleman has nothing to trust
 'to but his learning, and when he dies, as he says,
 'that dies with him, what must I, and my children
 'do, if we have any, and survive him? Therefore
 'I intreat you, Sir, since I must be made a victim,
 'pay it into my own hands, that I may have some
 'prospect of a livelihood. The gentleman, I apprehend,
 'will be content to live on his estate in *Capite*,
 'as I think the scholars call it.' The father, who
 thought he should get twice ten thousand pounds by
 the bargain, before a year to come, readily acquiesced,
 in hopes that either his son in law would do
 it himself, or teach him to turn all his pewter dishes,
 brass and copper pots, kettles, and iron grates, nay,
 the very gutters, into *Guineas*. In four days after,
 the 10,000*l.* was paid to *Eugenia*, and she was given
 next day in marriage to the philosopher, who still
 kept on his disguise.

The next day after the marriage was consummated,
 Mr. *Comely* having nothing to fear about the father's
 consent, and his wife's fortune, resolves to throw off
 the disguise, sent to *York* for his servants and his
 cloaths, pulled off his mustachios, and appeared in
 his usual sprightliness and gaiety, as if it had been on
 purpose to receive *Dulman*, who arrived that very day
 at his uncle's house; and no sooner cast his eyes on
 the bridegroom, but discover'd him to be the very Mr.
Comely, the suitor, his rival, whom he and his uncle
 had threaten'd so much, and taken so much pains at
London to find him out. He informs the old man, who
 in the greatest surprize cried out, *How! Comely!*

then

then I fear I am cheated. But, checking his passion, and persuaded that his son-in-law was really possessed of the secret of making gold, added, *I am well pleased with the impostor, I see it was the will of heaven.* Yes, Sir (interrupting her father) said Madam Comely, so the posy of my ring says, *'Tis done by heaven.* Well, Son, replied Gripe, thou hast wit enough, I'll say that for thee: Would I knew what thou dost in that great secret. Hark you, Sir, return'd Comely, I'll tell you in your ear.—Whenever you would make five or six ounces of gold from any other metal, after you have melted the baser metal down, you must make it evaporate, or throw it out of the crucible, and put an equal quantity of gold into it, which will come out gold as it went in. This was ever my way I do assure you, Sir. Love put me upon this little deception, and taught me how to get a wife out of the fire.

*The Ungenerous Benefactor; an affecting
Story; related by a Lady.*

I AM the wife of a very worthy officer in the army, who by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, was obliged to sell his commission; and from a state of ease and plenty, has been long since reduced to the utmost penury and want. One son and a daughter were our only children.—Alas! that I should live to say it! Happy would it have been for us, if one of them had never been born. The boy was of a noble nature,

nature, and in happier times his father bought him a commission in the service, where he is now a lieutenant, and quarter'd in *Scotland* with his regiment. O! he is a dear and dutiful child, and has kept his poor parents from the extremity of want, by the kind supplies which he has from time to time sent us in our misfortunes.

His sister was in the eyes of a fond father and mother lovely to an extreme. Alas! she was too lovely. — The times I have water'd her dear face with my tears, at the thought that her temper was too meek and gentle for so engaging a form! She lived with me till she was turned of fourteen, at which time we were prevailed on by a friend to place her with a gentleman of fortune in the country (who had lately buried his lady) to be the companion of his daughters. The gentleman's character was too honourable, and the offer too advantageous, to suffer us long to hesitate about parting with a child, whom, (dear to us as she was) we were not able to support. It is now a little more than two years since our separation; and till within a very few months, it was our happiness and joy that we had provided for her so fortunately. She lived in the esteem and friendship of the young ladies, who were indeed very amiable persons; and such was their father's seeming indulgence to us, that he advanced my husband a sum of money upon his bond, to free him from some small debts, which threaten'd him hourly with a jail.

But how shall I tell you, Sir, that this seeming benefactor has been the cruellest of all enemies!

The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted, by hearing less frequently from our daughter than we used to do ; and when a letter from her arrived, it was short and constrained, and sometimes blotted as if with tears, while it told us of nothing that should occasion us any concern. It is now upwards of two months since we heard from her at all ; and while we were wondering at her silence, we received a letter from the eldest of the young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity, which can neither be described nor imagined. It was directed to me and contained these words.

“MADAM,

For reasons which you will too soon be acquainted with, I must desire that your daughter may be a stranger to our family. I dare not indulge my pity for her as I would, lest it should lead me to think too hardly of one, whom I am bound in duty to reverence and honour. The bearer brings you a trifle, with which I desire you will immediately hire a post-chaise, and take away your daughter. My father is from home and knows nothing of this letter ; but assure yourself it is meant to serve you, and that I am, &c.”

Alarmed and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no hesitation of complying with its contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not inform me of a syllable that I wanted to know. My husband indeed had a fatal guess at its meaning ; and in a fury of rage insisted on accompanying me : But as I really hoped better things, and flatter'd myself that the young ladies were apprehensive of a marriage

riage between their father and my girl, I soothed him into patience, and sat out alone.

I travelled all night; and early next morning, saw myself at the end of my journey.—O, Sir! am I alive to tell you? I found my daughter in a situation the most shocking that a fond mother could behold! She had been seduced by her benefactor, and was visibly with child. I will not detain you with the swooning and confusion of the unhappy creature at this meeting, nor my own distraction at what I saw and heard. In short, I learnt from the eldest of the ladies, that she had long suspected some unwarrantable intimacies between her father and my girl; and that finding in her alter'd shape and appearance, a confirmation of her suspicions, she had question'd her severely upon the subject, and brought her to a full confession of her guilt: That farther, her infatuated father was then gone to town, to provide lodgings for the approaching necessity; and that my poor deluded girl had consented to live with him afterwards in *London*, in the character of a mistress.

I need not tell you, Sir, the horror I felt at this dismal tale. Let it suffice that I returned with my unhappy child, with all the haste I was able. Nor is it needful I should tell you of the rage and indignation of a fond and distracted father at our coming home. Unhappily for us all, he was too violent in his menaces, which I suppose reached the ears of this cruellest of men, who eight days ago caused him to be arrested upon his bond, and hurried to a prison.

But if this had been the utmost of my misery, cruel it is, I had spared you the trouble of this relation, and buried my griefs in my own bosom. Alas! Sir,

I beg to have another concern, that is more insupportable to me than all I have told you. My distracted husband, in the anguish of his soul, has written to my son, and given him the most aggravated detail of my daughter's shame, and his own imprisonment; conjuring him (as he has confessed to me this morning) by the honour of a soldier, and by every thing he holds dear, to lose not a moment in doing justice with his sword upon this destroyer of his family. The fatal letter was sent last week, and has left me in the utmost horror at the thoughts of what may happen. I dread every thing from the rashness and impetuosity of my son, whose notions of honour and justice are those of a young soldier, who, in defiance of the law, will be judge in his own cause, and the avenger of injuries, which heaven only should punish.

I have written to him upon this occasion in all the agonies of a fond mother's distresses. But O! I have fatal forebodings that my letter will arrive too late. What is this honour, or what this justice, that prompts men to acts of violence and blood, and either leaves them victims to the law, or to their own unwarrantable rashness? As forcibly as I was able in this distracted condition, I have set his duty before him; and have charged him, for his own soul's sake, and for the sake of those he most tenderly loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family, whose distresses already are near sinking them to the grave.

The only glimmering of comfort that opens upon me, is, the hope that your publication of this letter may warn the wretch who has undone us, of his danger, and incline him to avoid it. Fear is generally the companion of guilt, and may possibly be the

means of preserving to me the life of a son, after worse than death has happened to a daughter.

Sir, yours, &c.

The Folly of Parents in thwarting the Inclinations of their Children in Marriage: A sad Instance of it, as related by a Father.

I AM now in the fifty-sixth year of my age. I had the misfortune at forty to lose an excellent wife, who left me one only daughter, an infant four years old.

My love to my wife was such, that I really believe nothing but the violent affection that I bore to this little pledge could have given me resolution to bear up against it, and support her loss.

Little *Fanny* (for that was her name) was now become my only care and pleasure. I fancied I did not only place in her the features of my most beloved woman, but that I daily discovered in her mind a strong resemblance of that goodness and sweetness of temper, which had distinguished her mother from the greater part of her sex; and she contracted for me that reverence which love and gratitude inspire in good and great minds towards superiors. When business permitted, no engagement to any company or pleasure could force my *Fanny* from me. In short, I had in *Fanny*, at fourteen years old, a companion and a friend.

She

She was about eighteen years of age, when I began to observe some little alteration in her temper: her chearfulness had now frequent interruptions, and a sigh would sometimes steal from her, which never escaped my observation, though I believe it often did her own: I presently guessed the true reason of this change, and was soon after convinced, not only that her heart had received some impressions of love, but likewise who was the object of her affection.

This man, whom I call *Philander*, was on many accounts so deserving, that I really believe I should have been prevailed upon to favour my child's inclinations, though his fortune was greatly inferior to what I had a right to demand for her, had not a young gentleman, with a very large estate, offered himself to my choice. I was unable to resist such an acquisition of fortune and of happiness, as I then thought, to my daughter. I presently agreed to his proposals, and introduced him to her, as one intended for her husband.

As soon as his first visit was ended, *Fanny* came to me, prostrated herself at my knees, and begged me as I tendered her future happiness, never to mention this match to her more, nor to insist on her receiving a second visit from *Leontius*, for so I shall call him, whom would to God I had never heard of.

Now was the first moment I ever uttered a harsh word to my poor child, who was bathed in tears, as I am while I am writing. I told her in an angry tone, that I was a better judge of what would contribute to her future happiness than she herself; that she made me a very ungrateful return for all the cares and labours I had undergone on her account, to refuse

me the first command of importance I had ever laid upon her, especially as it was only to give me the satisfaction of seeing her happy, and when I had agreed to leave myself a beggar to accomplish it.

I then left her, as I had no reason to expect an immediate answer, to contemplate on what I said : but at my departure, told her, that if she expected to see me more, the terms must be an absolute compliance with my commands, and that she should never afterwards ask me any thing in vain.

I saw her no more that evening, and the next morning early received a message from her, begging leave to attend me in my dressing-room. I immediately sent for her ; and when she appeared again began : *Well, Fanny, I hope you have well considered the matter, and will not make me miserable by denial of this first — No, papa,* answer'd she, *you shall never be miserable if your poor Fanny can prevent it : I have considered, and am resolved to be obedient to you, whatever may be the consequence to me.* I then caught her in my arms in an agony of passion, and floods of tears burst at once from both our eyes.

The eagerness of *Leontius* soon compleated the match ; as there was no obstacle to it, and he became possessed of my all : For, besides my darling child, my little companion, my friend, he carried from me almost every farthing I was worth in the world.

The ceremony being over, the young couple retired into the country, and I had the pleasure of seeing my *Fanny* run away in a coach and six of her own. Little did I think, that it was the last unsullied pleasure I was ever to derive from her sight.

They returned at the end of a month, tho' they had

had purposed to stay longer; and my child, the moment she arrived in town, immediately sent me word she would visit me early by the next morning.

I slept not a wink that night, from the tumult which the happiness I proposed to enjoy the next day, had raised in my mind; but what did I feel, when the morning came, and passed away, without bringing my child to my arms. After having expected her for some hours, I repaired hastily to her husband's house; but guess my surprize when a servant told me, that neither his master nor my lady were at home. I then returned back, thinking to have met with her at my house, but all in vain. I now began to grow extremely uneasy at a disappointment, which I had the more reason to be troubled at, as I could not conceive she, who knew what I would feel from it, would give it me on any light occasion. I went once more to her husband's house, and received the same answer as before: I then enquired for her maid, who was at last produced to me, with her eyes swollen with tears, and from her I learnt, that the villain *Leontius* had insisted on her not visiting me that morning, had confined her to her own room, and given a general order to all the servants when he went out, to carry no letter or message from her till he returned.

I now flew up stairs, and burst open the door of the room, which was lock'd: I there found my child in a situation which I am not able to describe any more than all the circumstances of our first meeting.

As soon as passion permitted her utterance, she spoke to me as follows: "Sir, I am undone; my husband is jealous of me with a man whom I have ne-

ver seen since our marriage. He accidentally found me reading a letter I had formerly received from *Philander*, which I had foolishly preserved: He snatched it from me; indeed he might have commanded it from me, for I never have, nor never would disobey him. This letter having no date, he fancied I had just received, and hath treated me ever since with inhumanity not to be described. When I have endeavoured to convince him of my innocence, he hath spurned me from him with indignation, and these poor arms, in return for the tenderest embraces, have many marks of his violence upon them." Here she sunk upon me.—Can words paint my afflictions, or the horrors I then felt? No; I will therefore hasten to a conclusion.

Her husband was at length convinced, that she had received this letter as she affirmed, and was outwardly reconciled: But jealousy is a distemper seldom to be eradicated, and her having preserved this letter, and her reading it again, were circumstances he could not forgive. He behaved to his wife at best with coldness, but oftner with cruelty; insomuch, that in half a year, from a state of florid health, she became pale and meagre. *Philander*, who, I believe, really loved her to distraction, took this opportunity of renewing his addresses to her; and her husband's barbarity, at length, drove her into his arms, and one evening they made their escape together.

The day after I had heard this news, I received from her the following letter.

" My

" *My dear Papa,*

I am not insensible of my guilt. But to resist the sincere and tender passion of *Philander* was no longer in my power; and the good natur'd world, when they oppose to this the cruellest treatment from an injurious husband, to whom duty and not love had joined me, will pity poor *Fanny*.

But alas! these are trifling considerations. The anger of the best of fathers, and the concern which he may suffer on my account, are the objects of my terror, nor can I bear the thoughts of never seeing you more. Believe me, it is this apprehension alone which stands between me and happiness, and which was the last and hardest struggle I had to overcome. I will therefore hope, that I may be forgiven by him, that I may again be blessed in paying my duty to the kindest and tenderest of fathers: For in that hope consists my being, &c."

I will make but one remark on this letter, which is, That she never upbraids me with having undone her.

Let parents from hence be caution'd not to thwart the affections of such children, nor barter that happiness for money, which no price can purchase; and which can be only found in a generous esteem, and the soft transports of a mutual love.

A Narrative of the unhappy Situation of a young Gentleman, who was hindered from marrying the Object of his Desires, by the unnatural Behaviour of his Uncle.

MY parents both dying while I was very young, the care of my education devolved upon my uncle, my father's elder brother, a merchant of note in *London*, who had no child of his own, and to whose estate I was heir apparent. After I had spent the usual time at school I was taken into his 'compting-house, to be instructed in the mystery of merchandize; and some time after he brought home a young lady from the boarding-school, an orphan, with a genteel fortune, to whom he was guardian, and whom he said he intended to be my wife, provided I behaved so as to deserve her; and I am not conscious of having forfeited the promise. The young lady, whom I shall call *Lucy*, was too amiable both in person and mind to be disregarded by me; on the contrary, I sincerely loved her, and think I can date my passion from the first of our acquaintance.

Fired with love and ambition, you may be assured I did all in my power to keep alive my uncle's kind intentions, by a faithful discharge of my duty; never neglecting those little assiduities and civilities that were due to my *Lucy*, as the object I only desired and wished to spend my future days with in the closest union; and had the supreme blessing to meet with a kind return.

Things

Things had passed for near a year in this delicious manner, when I had the misfortune to lose my aunt, who was always my friend; but I feared I should sustain a greater loss, in having my *Lucy* removed to the house of her other guardian, whom I ever thought my enemy in my amour. But one week passed on after another without my hearing any thing of her removal, which quite dissipated my anxiety, and I begun to conceive hopes that my uncle intended shortly to have our hands united as our hearts had been for some time. But to my great disappointment, he one day, about three months after my aunt's death, called me to him, and told me it was necessary I should go abroad to transact some affairs for him, and he would have me be ready to depart the kingdom by such a ship that sailed in about ten days. Ever desirous to please, I with seeming chearfulness told him, tho' with a heavy heart, that I was very ready to go wherever he pleased, and to do my utmost to serve him; for which speech he passed a compliment upon me, and said it would all turn to my account. I carried the news to my *Lucy*, which affected her much; but as it was what neither of us could prevent, we endeavoured to make the best of it, by a reciprocal promise of mutual fidelity, and of writing to each other by every opportunity.

After I had got to the destined place, I failed not making good my promise by writing her the tender dictates of a fond and affectionate heart, and impatiently waited to hear from her; but my surprize and astonishment were beyond conception, when, with the first packet I received from *England*, there was neither a letter from *Lucy*, nor even her name men-

tioned to me. I wrote to her, and I wrote to my uncle concerning her; notwithstanding which, a second and a third packet arrived without any account of her; and I was preparing to sail for *England* again, when I received an account of my uncle's being then married to her.

To paint my confusion at this news is impossible; let it suffice, that I at last weathered it, but was in the greatest danger of losing my life, or, if that was spared, my reason. After I was tolerably recovered, for I do not think I am thoroughly so yet, I determined never more to see *England*; but before I could fix upon any plan, I received a letter from my once *Lucy*, but then aunt, acquainting me with my uncle's death, and that my presence was necessary in *London*, and gave me a hint of my slighting her, in not writing according to promise, &c. which awaked all my senses, and I could then easily see that my being sent abroad was only to remove the obstacle to the gratification of his lustful appetite; therefore took the first opportunity of coming home, where I found my *Lucy*, or aunt, big with child, and she has since been delivered of a fine boy.

She has told me that had she not believed me false she could never have been brought to have married him; and altho' she by misrepresentations, and other artifices, saw me in the blackest light, she was forced into a compliance with what she had done, but would have preferred death rather than have bestowed her hand upon my uncle, had she not believed that my going abroad was at my own request, which receiving no letter from me confirmed, and that I was tired of her, and had fixed my affections elsewhere;
all

all which had been told her, with corroborating circumstances to force a belief, by my uncle, that he might at once rob me of my happiness, my wife, my fortune, and honour. What a pity it is that such crimes come not within the reach of our laws, which affect the life of persons for acts that appear to me of a less criminal nature. A poor lad was lately hang'd for stealing a few sheep, who was not arrived at the strength of his reason, and was probably provoked to the rash action by some injury the owner had done him.

But though the ravisher came not within the cognizance of our laws, he was soon after called from hence; and though his removal has paved the way to my happiness, and my *Lucy* is again the same dear living and beloved object, the spiritual court intervenes to prevent our closer union, I therefore desire some intelligent person will inform me, whether there is any legal method to be taken, whereby I may yet be happy, and spend my days publicly with her.

I am yours,

J. B.

The

The FEMALE HUSBAND; or a circumstantial Account of the extraordinary Affair which lately happened at POPLAR; with many interesting Particulars, relating thereto.

ABOUT thirty-four years ago a young fellow courted one *Mary East*, and for him she conceived the greatest liking, but he going upon the highway, was tried for a robbery and cast, but was afterwards transported; this so affected our heroine, that she resolved ever to remain single. In the same neighbourhood lived another young woman, who had likewise met with many crosses in love, and had determined on the like resolution; being intimate, they communicated their minds to each other, and determined to live together ever after; after consulting on the best method of proceeding, they agreed that one should put on man's apparel, and that they would live as man and wife in some part where they were not known; the difficulty now was who was to be the man, which was soon decided by the toss up of a halfpenny, and the lot fell on *Mary East*, who was then about sixteen years of age, and her partner seventeen; the sum they were then possessed of together, was about 30*l.* with this they set out, and *Mary*, after purchasing a man's habit, assumed the name of *James How*, by which we will for a while distinguish her. In the progress of their journey, they happened to light on a little public house at *Epping*, which was to lett, they took it, and lived in
it

it for some time; about this period a quarrel happened between *James How* and a young gentleman, on what account I cannot say; however, it was of such a nature, that *James* entered an action against him, and obtained damages of five hundred pounds, which was paid him: Possessed of this sum, they sought out for a place in a better situation, and took a public house in *Limehouse-hole*, where they lived many years, saving money, still cohabiting as man and wife, in good credit and esteem: They afterwards left this, and removed to the *White-horse* at *Poplar*, which they bought, and after that several more.

About sixteen years ago one *Mrs. B.* who lived on *Garlick-bill*, and was acquainted with *James* in her younger days, and knowing in what good circumstances she lived, and of her being a woman, thought this a good scheme to build a project on, and accordingly sent to her for ten pounds; at the same time intimating, that if she would not send it, she would discover her sex; *James*, fearful of this, complied with her demand, and sent the money; it rested here for a considerable time, in short till very lately, in which time *James* lived with his supposed wife in good credit, and had served all the parish offices in *Poplar*, excepting constable and churchwarden, from the former of which she was excused by a lameness in her hand, occasioned by the quarrel I have mentioned; the other she was to have been the next year, if this discovery had not happened; she had been several times foreman of juries; though her effeminacy indeed was remarked by most. Last *Christmas* *Mrs. B.* abovementioned, sent again with the

the same demand for ten pound, and with the like threatening obtained it; flushed with success, and not yet contented; she within a fortnight after sent again for that sum, which *James* at that time happened not to have in the house; however, still fearful and cautious of a discovery, she sent her five pound. The supposed wife of *James How* now died, and the same conscionable Mrs. B. now thought of some scheme to enlarge her demand; for this purpose she got two fellows to execute her plan, the one a muleto, who was to pass for one of Justice *Fielding's* gang, the other to be equipped with a short pocket staff, and to act as constable; in these characters they came to the *White Horse*, and enquired for Mr. *How*, who answered to the name; they told her that they came from Justice *Fielding* to take her into custody, for a robbery committed by her thirty-four years ago, and moreover that she was a woman; terrified to the greatest degree on account of her sex, though conscious of her innocence in regard to the robbery, an intimate acquaintance, one Mr. *Williams*, a pawnbroker, happening to be passing by, she called to him, and told him the business those two men came about, and withal added this declaration to Mr. *Williams*, I am really a woman, but innocent of their charge; on this sincere confession, he told her she should not be carried to *Fielding*, but go before her own bench of justices; that he would just step home, put on a clean shirt, and be back again in five minutes; at his departure, the two fellows threatened *James How*, but at the same time told her, that if she would give them one hundred pounds, they would trouble her no more; if not, she would be hanged in

in sixteen days, and they should have forty pounds a piece for hanging her; notwithstanding these threatenings she would not give them the money, waiting with impatience till the return of Mr. *Williams*; on her denial, they immediately forced her out, and took her near the fields, still using the same threats; adding, you b——h, had you not better give us the one hundred pound than be hanged; after a while they got her through the fields, and brought her to *Garlick-hill*, to the house of the identical Mrs. *B.* where with threats they got her to give a draft on Mr. *Williams* to Mrs. *B.* payable in a short time, which when they had obtained, they sent her about her business. *Williams* came back punctual to his promise, and was surprized to find her gone; he immediately went to the bench of justices to see if she was there, and not finding her, went to Sir *John Fielding's*, and not succeeding, came back, when *James* soon after returned; when she related to him all that had passed. The discovery was now public. On *Monday* the 14th of *July*, Mrs. *B.* came to Mr. *Williams* with the draft, to know if he would pay it, being due the *Wednesday* after; he told her if she came with it when due, he should know better what to say; in the mean time, he applied to the bench of Justices for advice, and *Wednesday* being come, they sent a constable with orders to be in the house. Mrs. *B.* punctually came for the payment of the draft, bringing with her the mulatto man, both of whom were taken into custody, and carried to the bench of Justices sitting at the *Angel* in *Whitechapel*; where Mr. *Williams* went, attended with *James How*, dressed in the proper habit of her sex; now again
under

under the real name of *Mary East*; the alteration of her dress from that of a man to that of a woman, appeared so great, that, together with her awkward behaviour in her new assumed habit, caused great diversion to all.

In the course of their examination, Mrs. B. denied sending for the one hundred pound. The mulatto declared likewise, if she had not sent him for that, he should never have gone. In short, they so contradicted each other, that it discovered the whole villainy of their designs. In regard to the ten pounds which B. had before obtained, she in her defence urged, that *Mary East* had sent it her. After the strongest proof of their extortion and assault, they were denied any bail, and both committed to *Clerkenwell Bridewell* until the next session, when they were tried for the fact: the other man made off, and has not been since heard of.

One particular I have neglected, which is, that before the supposed wife of *James How* died, finding herself indisposed, she went to her friends in the country awhile for her health; but finding herself much worse, she sent for her supposed husband to come down to her, which he not doing, on her death-bed she discovered the secret to her friend, who after her death came up, and insisted not only of their share of the whole effects, but more. *Mary East* was always from the first willing they should have half to a halfpenny, but is determined they shall have no more.

Having brought down this extraordinary affair to its crisis, to conclude, during the whole course of their cohabiting together as man and wife, which

which was thirty-four years, they lived in good credit and esteem, having during that time traded for many thousand pounds, and to a day punctual to their payments; and had by honest means saved up between four and five thousand pounds between them. It is remarkable, that it had never been observed that they ever dressed a joint of meat in their whole lives, nor ever had any meetings or the like at their house. They never kept either maid or boy, but *Mary East*, the late *James How*, always used to draw beer, serve, fetch in and carry out pots herself, so peculiar were they in each particular.

Her house being disposed of, and her affairs settled, she retired into another part to enjoy with quiet and pleasure that fortune she had acquired by fair and honest means, and with an unblemished character.

WIT AND GLUTTONY:

An humorous Story.

THERE was a certain Venerable in a college of one of our Universities, who was remarkable for two things; a great stock of wit, and as great a stomach. There was not a college in town could have a feast, but he was certainly there to furnish the table with mirth, and show the keenness of his appetite; for as he spoke more than six, so he eat more than any six that sat near him. At one of the public entertainments, where he was a guest, after
half

half an hour's facetiousness and gluttony, just as the last course was going to be removed, he was observed to be much concerned, and look'd with an unusual melancholy. Every body wonder'd at the Doctor's gloominess. At last the Dean of the Chapel, who sat opposite to him, ask'd him the reason. Sir, said he, *I am very ill; I am exceedingly out of order.* Dear Doctor, answer'd the Dean, *you look well and rosy, your colour is fresh, and you don't seem to have lost your stomach.* Mr. Dean, reply'd our reverend trencherman, *however well my looks may be, my case is desperate; I am not long a man of this world: the proof is too plain; for when I had my health, I never din'd in this hall, but before the last course was removed, my surcingle fairly touch'd the margin of this table; you see, notwithstanding my best endeavour at the venison pasty, I am now distant full three inches. It is no toucher, my stomach fails, and I am a gone man. Is that the case?* cried the Dean; *courage, Doctor, tho' you have not reach'd to a toucher; for you must know we have had the table removed six inches farther from the bench which you sit on; and therefore, instead of losing three inches, you have gain'd three in that prodigious rotundity of flesh.* O ho! *is that the business?* it's well enough then, answer'd the Doctor, with a smile upon his countenance, and immediately resumed his gaiety, drank his two bottles, and roll'd home to his chambers with the utmost satisfaction and complacency of mind.

*An humourous Account of a Journey
to Southampton; by a young Lady.*

I AM a woman, and, like most of my sex, am constant only to the love of change. This restless passion, so rooted as it were in our nature, induced me lately to make an excursion to *Southampton*, in order if possible to vary the scene. By the assistance of a great aunt, who was already there for the recovery of her health, and whom I had informed of my intentions, my scheme was soon put in execution. I accordingly set out, attended by my *Abigail*, in the *Southampton* machine. My companions in this vehicle, consisted of Lieutenant *Parry*, of the 35th; Miss *Autumn*, whose harvest moon was in the wane; Mr. *Mac Archy*, an *Hibernian*; and Mr. *Frazier*, lately arrived from beyond the *Tweed*. An awkward shyness (so peculiar to travellers) attended us, till we arrived at the first turnpike; and I know not how long it might have continued, had not Mr. *Mac Archy*, whose brogue was a kind of prologue to his country, put an end to it by calling out vociferously to the coachman, and charging him to keep clear of the bogs; acquainting us at the same time that a dear friend of his had lately lost his life by his coach being tipped into one as it was going up a chalked hill.

Mr. *Frazier*, letting down the window, declared by his faul it was a rooky morning, and unfavourable for the harvest; adding, that he believed this year would be productive of very plentiful crops in *Scotland*.

The

The Lieutenant, suddenly starting from a profound sleep, exclaimed with an oath, I demand satisfaction! and instantly seized one of his pistols, which was concealed in a corner of the coach. Miss *Autumn* screamed out, Murder! We all imagined that he was little better than a madman; in consequence of which, the two Gentlemen wrested the pistol from his hand. Mr. *Parry*, on finding he had occasioned some confusion, made an apology for his hostile behaviour; assuring us it proceeded from a dream he had just then had, in which he had been accused of cowardice by a Gascon officer. By Jafus, replied Mr. *Mac Archy*, you was for making his body shine through the light.—Which Bull of his produced a general roar.

The coach had now stopped at the inn, where we were to dine. Miss *Autumn* immediately retired to an apartment in order to adjust her dress, being in hopes of captivating Mr. *Mac Archy's* heart, whose person, I perceived, she had viewed the whole morning with the utmost complacency. We had no sooner dined than love became the topic of conversation; on which she expatiated with great warmth, endeavouring, at the same time, to make us understand, by innuendos, that her heart had hitherto remained impregnable to the several attacks of that passion; but, forcing a deep sigh, she cast a languishing look at the *Hibernian*, and said, she feared it must in time surrender, as a punishment for the repeated cruelties she had exercised on her former admirers. She was here interrupted by the entrance of our host, with, Please your Honours, the coachman is ready. The word of command was no sooner given than we mustered

tered our forces, and each of us retreated in good order, except Mr. *Mac Archy*, who, during Miss *Autumn's* harangue, had charged himself with a double dose of *Oporto*; when, in consequence of its effects, he insisted on my promising to dance with him the next evening; at the same time swearing, that, if I refused him, he would challenge the man whom I should honour with my hand; and concluded with saying, he would love me beyond eternity. Which declaration I perceived rather piqued the antiquated vestal.

Mr. *Mac Archy*, on finding that I rejected his kind offers, and the fumes of the wine being stronger than his love, the *Hibernian* hero, like prince *Prettyman*, fell fast asleep.

This gave an opportunity to Mr. *Frazier* to ask us, taking at the same time a book out of his pocket, if we had ever read Mr. *Ogilvie's Providence*? The Lieutenant and myself replied, we had never yet heard of such a book; and Miss *Autumn*, with a sarcastical smile, declared she knew but of one providence, and she thought that was sufficient. I begged, however, if the motion of the carriage would admit of his reading a few pages, by way of specimen, that he would favour us, for our attention was prepared. He instantly complied; and, with an accent peculiar to his country, proclaimed the merits of providence with unceasing raptures; and, on shutting the book, declared, that he thought his friend *Johnny Ogilvie*, in point of language, was not inferior to the excellent *Melton*. Mr. *Parry*, and myself, on hearing this national exclamation, interchanged a smile, but each of us declined entering into an argument for
the

the present.——As we were now on the subject of poetry, I could not avoid asking Mr. *Frazier*, whether he was not an admirer of the late Mr. *Churchill's* works? as I could not but esteem his *Prophecy of Famine* an inimitable performance. He knit his brows, and was studying to reply, when the arrival of my aunt's coach, which had been sent to meet me, luckily deprived me of his intended answer. I purpose, however, the first time I have the honour to meet with Mr. *Frazier*, to renew my former question.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

*Half-moon Street,
Piccadilly, O^r. 2.*

HARRIOT MUTABLE.

A Citizen's Remarks on his Entertainment at Vauxhall.

I WAS greatly diverted last *Saturday* evening at *Vauxhall* (says a Writer who relates this story) with the shrewd remarks of an honest Citizen, whose wife and daughters had prevailed on him to carry them to the garden; and went into the next box to observe what passed between them.

After some talk.——“Come, come (said the old “Don) it is high time, I think to go to supper.” To this the Ladies readily assented; and one of the Misses said, “Do, let us have a chicken, Papa?”

“Zounds,

"Zounds, (said the Father) they are half a crown
 "a piece, and no bigger than a sparrow." Here the
 old Lady took him up.—"You are so stingy, Mr.
 "Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out
 "upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody;
 "and what signifies a few shillings, once and away,
 "when a body is about it." This reproof so effec-
 tually silenced the old Gentleman, that the youngest
 Miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham
 likewise. Accordingly the waiter was call'd, and
 dispatched by the old Lady with an order for a
 chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought,
 our honest Cit twirled the dish three or four times,
 and survey'd it with a very settled countenance; then
 taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and
 fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, "How
 "much there was of it?" "A shilling's worth, Sir,"
 "said the fellow. "Prithee, (said the Don) how
 "much dost think it weighs?—an ounce?—a shil-
 "ling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per pound!
 "—a reasonable profit, truly!—Let me see, suppose
 "now the whole ham weighs thirty pound, why
 "your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of
 "every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand,
 "salts them, and cures them himself, they do not
 "stand him in ten shillings a-piece." The old Lady
 bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed
 for him, and asked if people should not live. Then
 taking a colour'd handkerchief from her own neck,
 she tucked it into his shirt-collar, whence it hung
 like a bib, and helped him to a leg of the chicken.
 The old Gentleman, at every bit he put in his
 mouth, amused himself with saying,—
 "There goes
 "two-pence

two-pence—there goes a groat—Why, a man at these places should not have a swallow so big as a *Tom-tit*.”

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched; and it was with much difficulty our Citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be order'd. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. — At length, when only a small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our Don took a piece of an old news-paper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case. “ I'll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying day, “ and shew thee to my neighbour *Horseman*, and ask “ him if he can make as much of his stakes.” Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders— “ Why now, says he, I may eat as much beef as I “ can stuff in any tavern in *London* of a *Sunday* night, “ and pay nothing for it.” A dish of tarts, cheese-cakes, and custards next made their appearance at the request of the young Ladies, who paid no sort of regard to their Father's remonstrance, that they were four times as dear as at the pastry-cooks.

Supper being ended, Madam put her Spouse in mind of calling for wine. “ We must have some “ wine, or we shall not be look'd upon, you know.” “ Well, well, says the Don, that's right enough. “ But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?— “ Here, Drawer, what wine have you got?” The fellow, who by this time began to smother his guests, answer'd, — “ We have exceeding good *French* “ wine of all sorts, and please your Honour. Would “ your Honour have a bottle of *Champagne*, or *Burgundy*,

“gundy, or Claret, or”——“No, no, none of
 “your wishy-washy outlandish ratgut for me,” interrupted the Citizen—A tankard of the Alderman’s
 beats all the wine in the *French King’s* cellar.—“But
 come, bring us a bottle of sound good old port; and
 d’ye hear? let it be good.”

While the waiter was gone the good man most
 sadly lamented that he could not have his pipe;
 which the wife would by no means allow, “Because,
 “she said, it was ungentle to smoke, where there
 “were any ladies in company.” When the wine
 came, our Citizen gravely took up the bottle, and
 holding it above his head, “Aye, aye, said he, the
 “bottom has had a good kick—and mind how con-
 “foundly it is warped in the sides.——Not above
 “five gills, I warrant.——An old soldier at the *Je-*
 “*rusalem* would beat two of them.——But let us see
 “how it is brew’d.” He then poured out a glass;
 and after holding it up before the candle, smelling to
 it, sipping twice or thrice, drank it off: But declar-
 ing that second thoughts were best, he filled another
 bumper; and tossing that off, after some pause, with
 a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drink-
 able. The Ladies also, having drank a glass round,
 affirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the sto-
 mach; and even the old Gentleman relaxed into such
 good humour by that time the bottle was emptied,
 that out of his own free will and motion he most ge-
 nerously call’d for another pint, but charged the
 waiter “to pick out an honest one.”

While the glass was thus circulating, the family
 amused themselves by making observations on the
 garden. The Citizen expressed his wonder at the

number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all. The eldest Miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was *solentary*. Little Miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but remember the tune: And the old Lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the Gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her thro' their spy-glasses. In short, the tarts, the cheefecakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing seemed to have been quite forgot, till the dismal moment approached, that the reckoning was call'd for. As this solemn business concerns only the Gentlemen, the Ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the paymaster undisturbed to enjoy the misery by himself, only the old Lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared, "it was pretty reasonable, considering."

Our Citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience: He shook his head as he ran over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summoned up every figure, he bid the drawer bring change for sixpence; then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four half-pence in the same exact order; then calling the
waiter

waiter —“ There, says he, there’s your damage,
 “ —thirteen and two-pence—And hearkee, there’s
 three-pence over for yourself.” The remaining penny
 he put into his coat-pocket, and thinking it—“ this,
 says he, will serve me to-morrow to buy a paper of
 tobacco.”

The family now prepared themselves for going ;
 and as there were some slight drops of rain, Madam
 button’d up the old Gentleman’s coat, that he might
 not spoil his lac’d waistcoat, and made him flap his
 hat, over which she tied his pocket handkerchief to
 save his wig : And as the coat itself, she said, had
 never been worn but three *Sundays*, she even parted
 with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side
 out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he
 sallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper
 petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters
 with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their
 heads muffled up in colour’d handkerchiefs. I fol-
 low’d them quite out of the garden, and as they
 were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest
 Miss asked —“ When shall we come again, Papa ?”
 “ Come again ! said he, what a pox would you ruin
 “ me ? Once in one’s life is enough ; and I think I
 “ have done very handsome. Why, it would not
 “ have cost me above four-pence half-penny to have
 “ spent my evening at *Sots-hole* : And what with the
 “ cursed coach-hire, and all together, here’s almost
 “ a pound gone, and nothing to shew for it.” “ Fye,
 “ Mr. *Rose*, I am quite ashamed for you, replies the
 “ old Lady ; you are always grudging me and your
 “ girls the least bit of pleasure ; and you cannot
 “ help grumbling, if we do but go to *Little Hornsea*

“to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world; and they shall.” The old Don was not willing to pursue the argument any further; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute, by saying, “Come, come, let us make haste, wife; or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again;—and to-morrow, you know is Sunday.”

A SATIRICAL HARANGUE on the TIMES, delivered by a young Gentleman on his Birth-day, in the Character and Habit of a Hawker, to some Friends met together to be chearful on that Oeasion.

Gentlemen and Ladies, or Ladies and Gentlemen,

I AM an itinerant merchant, who make a trading voyage from Jonathan's and Garraway's, along the coasts of Cheapside and Fleet-street; put in at Dick's or the Widow's at the Temple, then set sail for the cape of Charing-cross, and so bear away for White's, Tom's, and — on the *Sancto Jacobo*.

As for my Gimcracks here, I sell them cheap enough: You shall have them for a laugh, but then, I never give credit. Here, Gentlemen, is a purse to hold Honesty, it is wore with Simplicity and Plain-dealing, a little out of Fashion, but never the worse
for

for wear. I need not tell you how much it is wanted by *Politicians, Commissioners, Stewards, Overseers, Customhouse Officers, Excisemen, and Voters* at the elections of members of parliament. — What say ye to these *Masks*; they are neither *French* nor *Venetian*, but true *English* ones; they are call'd *Masks for Knavery*, are wore by people of the best *Fashion* of all professions. This *smiling smooth-faced one*, will conceal the *Rancour* of a *Courtier's* heart: This, with the *White of the Eye* turn'd up, the *Atheism* of a *Priest*; and that with the *supercilious Brow*, the *Ignorance* of a *Quack*. What! no one buy! but no matter; I can soon dispose of them either at the *'Change'*, the *Temple*, *Charing-cross*, *Whitehall*, or *St. James's*. — This *smelling Bottle*, Gentlemen! may perhaps have a better recommendation: It is filled with the *Quintessence* of *Ignorance*; some *Drops* of *Stupidity*, with a few *Grains* of *Impudence*, extracted from the speech of a *Coffee-house Politician*, the *pericranium* of a *Proctor* in the *Commons*, and a *Billet-deux* of an *Ensign* of the *Guards*. Lady *Prattle* uses this sort at all *Assemblies*; and Lady *Scandal* was seen to pull it out more than once at *Church* last *Sunday*, while she kept a correspondence with *Mrs. Modely*, a pew or two from her. It assists thought infinitely better than *Rappee*, or *Havanna*, and produces a *Je ne sca quoi* in *Stile*. Mr. *Bays* bought one of me just before *New Year's Day*; and in making a *Pindaric Ode*, received a considerable assistance from it. The next thing I offer is a *Pocket Looking Glass*, but it may not be safe for every one to look into it; it has strange operations, viz. if a *crackt chamber maid* dress herself by this looking glass, she shall dream of marrying the

Chaplain the next living that falls. In it a *Side-box Lady* may view her *old Face* thro' her *new Complexion*; and a *Beau* be *shock'd* at his *own Grin*, notwithstanding the *Charms* of a well-comb'd *Toupee*. Should an *Alderman* peep in it, peradventure he might startle at his *branching Frontlet*; a *Briber* may see in it a *Knight of the Post*; and *Takers of Bribes* the *Price* of their *Conscience*. It will show a *Vicar* what he *presented* the *Squire* for his *Presentation*; and to a *Dean* it may exhibit the *three Years Purchase* that was stipulated with my Lord: But an *Usurer* will not be able to perceive his conscience in it; a *Quaker* his *Sincerity*, or some *Fellows* of *Colleges* their *Learning*. Now I look into it myself, I see my own *Folly*, and that none of *these Toys* are wanted by this company.

A POPIISH MIRACLE.

UPON a time, when *Naples* was straitly besieged, the Viceroy issued a severe order, that no man under or above such an age, should walk the streets without a sword upon pain of death; and that the Viceroy might be sure that his order might be strictly obey'd, he and his officers rode up and down the city to see that none offended herein, and in his progress espied a gentleman without his sword; who being brought to him, was immediately condemn'd to be hanged upon the next sign-post. The gentleman pleaded hard for his life, but to no purpose, for die he must. He then entreated the Viceroy, that he might not die so ignominious a death, but like a gentleman.

gentleman as he was; and therefore humbly desired that the next gentleman who came by with a sword, might run him thro' the body, which was granted. Presently comes along one, who was just come from a gaming-house, where he had lost all, even the very blade of his sword, and durst not go home till he had a wooden one fitted to the hilt and scabbard. Being now stopt, he was told the case, and what he was appointed to do. But being conscious of his own insufficiency for the business, he was so startled, that he scarce knew what to say: What! make a common executioner of me! said he. What! stain my blood to eternity! With such like exclamations; but all being fruitless, he prepared himself for the work, and kneeling down, pray'd, 'O God of heaven, if this man ought not to die, may this my sword be turned into wood.' So plucking it out, and it appearing to be such, the condemn'd gentleman was releas'd with abundance of joy. The wooden sword was carried with great solemnity, and hung up in the cathedral church, as a true link to the chain of *Papish* miracles.

*The Pass given the MUSCOVITES at
at their Death, to engage St. Peter
to open Heaven's Gates to them.*

THE *Muscovites* kiss the corps, or the coffin; and the Priest puts a piece of paper between his fingers, which is a kind of testimony or pass for his admittance into the other world, sign'd by the Patriarchs, &c. and fold by the Priest. The form thus :

' We whose names are hereunto subscribed, the
' Patriarch or Metropolitan, and the Priest of the city
' of N——, do make known and certify by these
' presents, that the bearer of these our letters, hath
' always liv'd among us like a good christian, pro-
' fessing the *Greek* religion; and tho' he hath com-
' mitted some sins, yet he hath confessed the same,
' and received absolution, and taken the communion
' for the remission of his sins; hath honoured God
' and his saints; hath said his prayers; and fasted
' double hours and days appointed by the church;
' and hath carried himself so well towards me his
' confessor, that I have no reason to complain of
' him, nor to deny him the absolution of his sins: In
' witness whereof we have given him the present tes-
' timonial, to the end, that upon the sight thereof,
' St. *Peter* may open the gates of everlasting bliss.'

This done, the coffin is shut up, and put in the grave, with the face eastward. They mourn forty days; and fast on the third, because then the face is disfigured; on the second because then the body be-
gins

gins to putrify; and on the twentieth, because then the heart corrupts.—Some build huts over the grave, and cover them with matts; because the Priest, morning and evening, for six weeks, prays over the grave.

An ADDRESS to the CLERGY, and another to the LAITY, of the City of London, &c. prefixed to " (By Way of Prevention) a SLEEPY SERMON, calculated for the Dog Days." By the Rev. JAMES PENN, Vicar of Clavering cum Langley, Essex.

TO the CLERGY.

Reverend Brethren,

THE sultry season approaches, and the congregation will be drowsy. Pray keep them awake. How? By novelty and absurdity. Success is sure. Look to the barking dogs. Tickle their ears, no matter for their understanding. If your hearers love Faith, preach it; if good Works, preach them. Do they want Grace? Let them have it plentifully. Be liberal in your promises of heavenly comforts, they cost you nothing; by so doing you will secure to yourself earthly comforts. Please the

D 5

people,

people, if you can, right, or wrong; your worldly affairs will certainly prosper the better. Is this Orthodoxy? It will starve you: Its Preachers are old Women. Bellow Nonsense, and you will be heard with attention and applause, nay more, well paid for it. But you shall forfeit your reputation with the sensible part of mankind. They are few in number. Praise is a poor ordinary. You cannot live long upon air. Besides, the credit of your profession is concerned. Dry morals and musty doctrines have turned sermons into wall lectures; and those, who do attend, are inclined rather to slumber and sleep, than to hear. Hell and damnation rouse and surprize the congregation; and, when properly introduced, and emphatically expressed, will prevent even a yawn. Those two words will acquire you the character of godly and comfortable preachers, if you should fall short of inspiration, and affect both the hearts and purses of the people. The mimicry and buffoonery of a stage droll will help you much, they captivate prodigiously. Leave the dull, trite, unedifying subjects, *of doing as ye would be done by—of keeping holy the Sabbath-day, &c.* They are subjects which the multitude regard not, nor observe; being of the somniferous kind. Suppose your audience should be inclined to dose. What think ye of, *Awake, awake, Deborah; arise Barak.* If you perceive the pretty Gentlemen and the little Misses ogling, what if the text should be, *I have made a covenant with my eyes: Why then should I look upon a maid?* By subjects of this sort, adapted to the behaviour of the audience, you will draw the eyes of the congregation upon you: It is your fault, if you do not keep their
attention

attention fixed. By pleasing their imagination you may freely censure their conduct, without offence, and without detriment. Let the elders of the congregation, and the rich folks, bow, take snuff, talk politics, loth, yawn, and snore, they have a right so to do; They come not to pray, *We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord*, having nothing to ask for; nor to cry, *Good Lord, deliver us*, having nothing to fear; but from a regard to decency, and to set a good example to inferiors. However, be you serious and diligent in your profession, then, if your preaching should be, like to the casting pearls before swine, remember it to have been the fate of your Master: You cannot have pretensions to greater merit. Folly and Enthusiasm daily increase; the latter is profitable, the former pleasing. The utmost exertion of your abilities is required to stop their progress: Otherwise, in a few years, we shall have neither Virtue nor Religion amongst us. The rich practise little of either, they are respectable without it. The middling people ape the vices of their superiors, and have a taste for gaiety and extravagance. The poor cannot attend to spiritual matters, their whole time being taken up in providing themselves with the bare necessities of life, and keeping themselves and families from starving. Excuse the freedom of this Address from one, who is, with due respect,

Your Brother and

July 21.

Fellow Labourer,

JAMES PENN.

To the LAITY.

Worthy Sirs,

THE weather, I own, is hot and close, which, as you say, makes you heavy and stupid. E'en go to church: There, in a snug corner of a pew, you may take a refreshing nap, which will enable you, with your Dames, after *Somnus* has finished his sermon, to amble to *Islington* and *Chelsea*. You attribute your drowsiness to the soft lulling voice of the Preacher. What think ye of pudding and porter? Have they no share in the production? The Parson hath no reason to complain, who eats at my table. How dearly is the poor morsel earnt by him, who is called in, like *Sampson* by the *Philistines*, to make you sport, if not to be insulted for his poverty! Your Parson is dull. What is the cause? The living, like a gentleman, with the stipend of a porter. The man hath little spirits to preach, who hath an empty purse. Pity, which you are ever ready to bestow, will not maintain his family. The inferior Clergy dare not mention their distress. You would, we fear, condemn, not relieve them. They appear what they are not, lest you should despise them for being, what they really are, poor. Hypocrisy is in this case a virtue. It is their sin who oblige them to wear a mask. Be more generous in your subscriptions and presents, this will make their sermons to be more lively and spirited. Is it too much to sacrifice a night at *Vauxhall*? Is it too great self-denial to forego a syllabub at the *White Conduit*? Let your generosity be according to your wealth and station.

station. It would be mean in a Knight, or Alderman, to give less than gold, it wants an epithet if he should give copper; more is not expected from a chandler's shop. When Popery was the profession of Christianity in this Island, the Laity was never without two or three Priests at their table; now the profession is changed for the better, the people's hospitality is worse; instead of two or three daily, a single Priest hardly gains admittance to their table once in a twelvemonth. The Parson hath a prodigious appetite. Why do you keep him hungry? It is a reflection upon the oeconomy of you Laity to permit, by your encouragement, Horse Jockeys, *Italian* Figures, Rope Dancers, and Ballad Singers, to acquire fortunes and estates, and to suffer persons of approved merit, learning, and character [whose whole time and study are engaged in the work of your salvation] to languish out a miserable life, upon the scanty income of forty or fifty pounds a year, and to leave their children needy and unwelcome dependents on churlish relations, or to be supported, like beggars brats, by public charity. It is time to close the Address, which grows too serious. Wishing you, Gentlemen, more generosity, and the Clergy less need of it,

I remain, sleeping or waking,

Your obedient Servant.

A

*A short SKETCH of the Character of
an old Gentleman. In a Letter
from his Nephew to a Friend.*

Dear Sir,

I AM with an old Uncle, who was educated at Oxford, and has lived a retired life in the country ever since he left the University, and who is a great Critic upon Words, and will not suffer any one to pass off without his animadversion, that he thinks is either misapplied, or does not carry the meaning it is made use of to convey. I was the other day reading a news-paper to him, when I came to a paragraph that said, the Honourable Mr. Courtly was elected to represent the Borough of ——— in Parliament; Poh! cry'd my Uncle, it should be to *misrepresent* that Borough in Parliament; for he knows no more of the interest of it, than my horse does of Algebra, and cares as little for it as my cat does for a cup of brandy. Presently after we met with another paragraph, that said, it was apprehended "there would be a great struggle for Members of Parliament for the County of ——— at the next general election;" when the old Gentleman cry'd out, 'Psha! what does the Printer mean by the next *General Election*? The blockhead should have said, at the next *general Purchase* of Seats in Parliament; for that which is bought is not an *Election*, but a *Purchase*: But the world is grown mad, Nephew! stark mad! for they might as well call my amber-headed cane here a pair of bellows, as a purchase an election. A little after

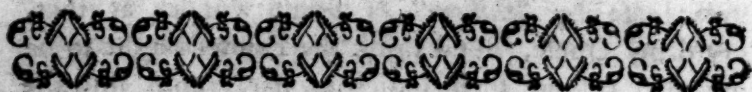
we came to a piece of intelligence, that said, "At the Races at — the *Ladies Purse* was won with great ease by *Stallion*." I don't wonder at that, cry'd my Uncle, but I think the Printer ought to be ashamed to put such ludicrous paragraphs into the paper: when my aunt *Rachel*, who sat by, said, she did not perceive any harm at all in the expression: No harm! cry'd the old Gentleman in a flame, why it is downright bawdry: At which my Aunt reddened, laid down her knitting, and was going to reply, when farmer *Oats* came into the room to pay his rent, which, luckily, stopp'd a dispute that was likely to have been very warm, and put an end to my reading.

I am, SIR,

Your's, &c.

NARRATOR.

LETTERS



L E T T E R S

O N

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

*The Original of the following Letter
of Queen Elizabeth to King Ed-
ward VI. is preserved in the Cotton
Library.*

LIKE as the riche man that dayly gathereth riches, and to one bag of mony layeth a greater till it come to infinit, so me thinkes your Maiestie not beinge suffised withe many benefits and gentilnes shewed to me afore this time, dothe now increase them in askinge and desiring wher you may bid and commande, requiring a thing

thing not worthy the desiringe for it selfe, - but made worthy for your Highness request. My pictur I mene, in wiche if the inward good mynde towarde your Grace might as well be declared as the outwarde face and countenance shall be seen, I would not have taried the commandement but prevent it, nor have bene the last to graunt but the first to offer it. For the face, I graunt, I might well blushe to offer, but the mynde I shal never be ashamed to present. For thogth from the grace of the pictur the coulers may fade by time, may give by wether, may be spotted by chance, yet the other nor time with her swift wings shal overtake; nor the mistie cloudes, with ther lowerings may darken, nor chance with her slippery fote may overthrow. Of this althoughe yet the profe coulde not be greate, because the occasions hath bine but smal, notwithstandinge as a dog hathe a day, so may I perchaunce have time to declare it in dides wher now I do write them but in wordes. And further I shal most humbly beseeche your Maiestie that when you shall loke on my pictur you wil witsafe to thinke that as you have but the outwarde shadow of the body afore you, so my inward minde wischeth that the body it self were oftner in your presence; howbeit because bothe my sobeing I thinke coulde do your Maiestie litel pleasur thogth my self great good, and againe because I se as yet not the time agreing thereunto, I shall lerne to follow this sainge of Orace. * *Feras non culpes quod vitari non potest.* And thus I wil (troublinge your Maiestie I fere) ende with my most humble thankes. Beseechinge God longe to preserve you to his honour,

to

to your comfort, to the realmes profit, and to my joy. From *Hatfielde* this 18th day of *May*.

Your Maiesties

Most humble Sittire and servant

Coll. Lib. Esp. F. 3.

Elizabeth.

*Sir Walter Raleigh's Letter to his
Wife the Night before his Death.*

YOU shall receive (dear Wife) my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrows (dear Besse) let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust: And seeing it is not the will of God, that ever I should see you in this life, bear my destruction gently, and with a heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my pen express, for your many troubles and cares for me; which though they have not taken effect, as you have wished, yet my debt to you was never the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travail seek to help your miserable fortune,

tune, and the right of your poor Child; your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust.

You shall understand that my land was conveyed (*bona fide*) to my Child, the writings were drawn at *Midsummer* was twelve month (as *Dybb* can witness) and I trust my blood will quench their malice, that desired my slaughter, and that they will not seek to kill you and yours with extream poverty.

Most sorry I am (as God knoweth) that being thus surprized with death, I can leave you no better estate: I meant you all my office of wines, or that I could purchase by selling it. Half my stuff and jewels, but some for my boy; but God prevented all my determination; the great God, that worketh all in all. If you can live from want, care for no more, the rest is but vanity.

Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on him; herein shall you find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort; for the rest, when you have travail'd and wearied yourself over all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your Son also to serve and fear God, whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him; then will God be a husband unto you, and a father unto him; a husband and a father, that can never be taken from you.

Bailey oweth me 1000*l.* *Arion* 600*l.* In *Jersey* also I have much owing me. The arrearages of the wines will pay your debts; and howsoever I beseech you, for my soul's health, to pay all poor men: When I am gone, no doubt but you shall be sought unto, for the world thinks that I was very rich: But take heed of the pretences of men, and of their affections,

fections, for they last but in honest and worthy men : and no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey, and afterwards be despised. I speak it (God knows) not to dissuade you from marriage, for that will be best for you, but in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine, Death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me.

Remember your poor Child for his Father's sake, that comforted and loved you in his happiest times : I sued for my life, but God knows that it was for you and yours that I desired it. For know it (dear Wife) that your Son is the child of a true man; and who in his own respect despiseth it, and all its mishapen and ugly forms.

I cannot write much ; God knows how hardly I steal this time when all are asleep, and it is time to separate my thoughts from the world : Beg my dead body, which living was deny'd you, and either lay it in *Sherbourn* or in *Exeter* church by my Father and Mother ; I can write no more. Time and Death call me away.

The everlasting, infinite, powerful, and inscrutable God, that almighty God, that is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true life and light, keep you and yours, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom.

My true Wife, farewell ; bless my poor boy, pray for me ; my true God hold you both in his arms.

May the 19th.

A genuine and pathetic Letter from a young Lady to a Gentleman Abroad.

Dear Sir,

I Yesterday received the favour of a letter from you, in which you talk of being conscious of want of merit to continue my affections. I am sorry if I have given you the least reasonable pretext to think that the warmth of my regards was diminish'd towards you, but I am persuaded I have not; for I answered your cruel letter last *February*, the day after I received it, and said every thing which a sincere and afflicted heart could dictate, to clear myself of the extraordinary crime alledged against me, yet you did not think it worth answering; and pray then, what encouragement had I to write to you? notwithstanding which you never was one moment out of my thoughts, and last week I could contain no longer from writing to you; tho' at the same time I did believe you had rather hear of my funeral than any other circumstance relating to me, and when I wish to oblige you in this point I pay you no great compliment, for nothing in the world is more contemptible in my eyes than my own life.

I certainly have a very unintelligible manner of expressing myself, if the letter I wrote to you last *February* did not show you, that I was one of the unhappiest persons in the world, and that my misery was occasion'd by the wrong opinion you entertained
of

of me; if my letter told you this, what sort of a heart have you for me? that could patiently let me suffer, for above three months, torments greater then any pen can express, or tongue could utter, and which has given such a shock to my constitution, that even all your tenderness could not repair; but that I never shall have a trial of; for whatever you may pretend to see of my heart, I am too sensible that not one poor corner of yours is mine; but I beseech you, show it openly, and do not lay your coldness upon me; for I declare, I this moment feel more tenderness for you, then you even ever pretended to have for me: But, perhaps, it is from a principle of gratitude, that you would persuade yourself (and me) that I have ceased to love you, in order, that you may hate me with more tranquillity; but, sure, I never injured you, or yours: I never robbed you of content or happiness. I rather strove to make you happy than otherways: Is it possible then, that you can hate me for loving you? Yes; they say it is the nature of man, and possibly I am to experience it from you: Be that as you please, you are not obliged to continue either love or friendship to me, you are master of yourself, and, I hope, you ever will be so; for I look upon that love, which is forced to be constant, to be no better then infidelity. But I must drop this subject, for I have not strength to pursue it. I think (possibly I think wrong) that you have been, and are, the cause of great misfortunes to me; I therefore, in this letter, as an inward satisfaction to myself, assure you, that I sincerely forgive you: For I do sincerely love you. And, I assure you, I condemn myself in many things as much as you; but
 unexperienced

unexperienced youth, unhappy education, and uncommon circumstances, will, I hope, plead some excuse for me; if not in this world, I am sure it will in another; for, I do believe, there is a world where all things will be known, where the heart cannot be misinterpreted: That world I long to make a tryal of, tho' I tremble at the passage, and dread the consequences of my past giddy actions.

Forgive this letter, which, I dare say, appears ridiculous to you; but, perhaps, 'tis the last of the sort you may ever be troubled with from me.

I am obliged to you for the order upon —, I shall draw upon him for twenty pounds: It is my necessity, and not my inclination, that makes me take notice of the regard you have to my interest; for since my happiness is no longer your concern, interest, I assure you, is not mine: You will easily understand this; for, I fancy, you are not of the general opinion, that interest and happiness are the same.

Adieu, my dearest Sir, may you be happy when I cease to wish you so; and, whatever you think of me, I hope I shall die your affectionate well-wisher: And tho' you never write to me, I shall never cease to have a tender sense of both your joys and sorrows. Adieu. If I have said any thing in this letter to offend you, I hope you will pardon it; when I assure you, that I would not, knowingly, give you the least pain.

LOVE

LOVE IN DEATH:

In two Letters; the first from a dying Wife, to a wicked, dissolute, and barbarous Husband; the other from a young unmarried Lady, in her last Moments, to her Lover.

My Dear,

AS I employ'd every moment of my life to please you, I am still willing to employ my last in what I am assured will give you a sensible pleasure; that is, to tell you that I have not many more to live. Even while I write, I expect death would render my letter imperfect; but if he suffers me to write three lines more, I'll meet him with courage and resignation. — You will now expect reproaches from me, and justly you may expect them; but I have too much generosity, too much love, and too much religion, to make you such a return. No, my dear, I forgive you from my soul; and only desire, that as you never paid any regard to my former wishes, yet that you would to my last. I conjure you then for your own welfare, to abandon what will prove your ruin; seek a virtuous wife, and make up in her the loss of your

LAVINIA.

Sir,

Sir,

IN answer to your kind enquiry, I think myself obliged to tell you, that I this morning sent for my physician and apothecary, who, at my earnest request, have been so sincere as to tell me, that their skill and medicines can be of no farther service to me. I have often experienced their judgment, and my present weakness confirms their opinion; and I am satisfied my life is almost at an end. I may now, in justice to your merits, (tho' perhaps not necessary to tell you) confess how much I have esteemed your person, and revered your virtues; and believe, the regard you professed for my person was sincere; since neither my fortune, nor future expectations, were equal to yours. 'Tis for this reason, Sir, I return you my thanks and your letters, and assure you, that none but my own eyes have ever seen them; and that, if I am not deprived of my reason, the secret shall die with me. I have been so long inur'd to the thoughts of dying, that they are grown familiar to me, and have prevented my laying any impracticable schemes in this life. And have likewise given me time to reflect, and repent of many crimes, many follies, and many inadvertencies, which in my perfect health appear'd very inconsiderable. I have took my leave of all friends, except one faithful attendant, who has promised not to leave me, till my eyes are closed for ever. May you live, Sir, long and happy, and in your last moments enjoy a well-grounded hope of future happiness, with as much serenity of mind, as that which is the present condition of
Your sincere and faithful friend,

SABINI.

E

From

From an AUNT to a NIECE.

*Occasioned by a Duel between two
Friends on her Account.*

Niece,

IT was with horror I receiv'd the public notice of a late dreadful event; but what words can express my sensations, when your Uncle, this morning, informed me, that you were the occasion of it? To see you after such an incident is impossible; I think nature, at my weak period, could not support me under it. To write to you I once thought unnecessary, and to no purpose; but when I recollect the real terrors of your situation, the imperfect, and unequal sense you may probably have of it, and the necessity and importance of your eyes being thoroughly opened to it, I cannot think I do my duty to God and you, if I omit any little assistance in my power toward it. Good heavens! Is this the heart that I have labour'd, from its infancy, to train in the paths of virtue and candour, and of ingenuous honesty! Are these the fruits of eighteen years endeavours to form one woman such as nature designed her! But I submit: Our actions are in our power, but not the events of them. Impossible as it was for me to foresee a catastrophe of such horror as this, I have often warned you against that mischievous weakness, that vanity which has occasion'd it. Happier, more innocent women may be told, how disingenuous it is to suffer hopes in two persons, which can only be accomplished

accomplished to one of them; or how superior the real honour that attends on a candid declaration of their thoughts to one man, is to the imaginary glory of being follow'd by twenty; you must for ever serve as a dreadful example, that what they flatter themselves is at the worst chargeable with no higher a censure than that of levity and impertinence, is murder. If the laws of God declare, that *he who hates his brother without a cause, is a murderer*; if the laws of our land, when obeyed to the letter, *admit no accessories in this crime*, but understand and punish all who but look on without preventing the fatal stroke, as murderers; in what light must conscience, that most equitable, that impartial enquirer into our actions, represent you to yourself, who have acted as if you hated to death the man whom you professed to love, whom not to have loved would have been cruel in you; and who have, instead of looking on to see the blow, furnished the sword that gave it! You are indeed, in the loss of a man you doated on, a man, who would have been the author of a life of happiness to you, justly punished for tormenting him with a rival; and that rival with expectation, which you knew would never be made good to him. But you are a single figure only in the groupe of mourners, whom this accident has connected in the same scene of misery. Had not the unhappy victim to your folly a right to many years of happiness? And what title had you, to whom he offer'd an equal share of the enjoyment of them, to rob him of the whole? His worthy, his generous, his unhappy uncle (I know what such a relation must feel, by what myself suffer while I am writing this) had not he a right,

while nature suffer'd it, to enjoy the blessings which he had in a great measure been the source of, to this object of his paternal care and affection? And of whom is he to complain but you, that he is robbed of so justifiable, so worthy expectations? These are of the number of wretches you have made: But these perhaps the least so. To be dead, is happiness to the state of that trembling wanderer, who would at this instant give up you, ten thousand worthier than you, to be restored to that peace, that irrecoverable tranquillity, he before enjoy'd from the only true source of it, from innocence; who must now dread the officers of justice every hour of the day; must see them every hour of the night; and must also wish to be plunged into the certainty of his fate, to avoid the terror of it. Cast your eyes to the bed of sickness, pressed by the languid parent of this wretch; labouring against the united efforts of illness and infirmities to live, ignorant that he has a scene to be informed of, which even his best friends, while they conceal it from him, think it would be happiness for him to die, instead of hearing! The friends of the unhappy dead look up to heaven for justice, and seek after the fugitive for vengeance! Friends, foes, nay, heaven itself, must look on you as the sole cause of all the wretchedness which so many, beside him, who has, by his own rashness, incurred it, are doomed to by this fatal incident. Consider it, dear child! in all its circumstances: See it, my unhappy niece! in these its blackest colours! Flatter not yourself, that your not foreseeing this event of your behaviour, can wipe off your portion in the crime that has attended it! Tho' human justice, unequal in its distributions
of

of punishments, as well as of rewards, has no demand on you: Suppose not the cause can be overlooked at the tribunal of heaven, while the effects are punished! What's over is not to be recalled. But happy are you, who have the means of forgiveness left you; who have a life for contrition; who have assurance of pardon, in consequence of repentance; but who can never repent, unless you see your fault in its true colours. Call me cruel if you please, in this let the world call me so; let them tell me I am rigid to the unhappy, let them say I add affliction to the afflicted; I know the integrity of my own heart, I am convinced of the uprightness of my intentions, I love you more than they can who tell you so; and, if I am severe, be most assured it is but in kindness to you, that I enlarge the wound, which no other means can heal; and which, if you neglect, the danger which its false appearance might disguise to you, would be fatal to you to all eternity! I expect no reply; I desire no protestation of your innocence, or account of your intentions: Your future life is the only rational answer to this letter; heaven grant I may be informed by that, of the service these admonitions have done you, and I regard not how you receive them now.

I am, &c.

The above letter is placed in this collection with no other view, than to lay before our fair readers the fatal effects of receiving the addresses of two gentlemen at once, let their intentions be ever so innocent, which are exemplified in the following story.

The unfortunate *Aspasia*, the best, the softest, and the fairest of her sex, is even now on the brink of distraction. Her perplexity is beyond all example, and indeed the occasion of it is very extraordinary. It is now three years and upwards since two young gentlemen of birth and fortune, who had lived together in the strictest friendship, became rivals on her account, both so equally merited her esteem, that for some time she knew not on which to bestow her love; the one was of an open behaviour, warm in his pretensions, but not over constant in his application; the other close, assiduous, and importunate; However it happened, she was at last determined in favour of the latter; and with a heart never before engaged in an affair of this kind, gave at once into all the softnesses and endearments of it. *Polydore* (so call the rejected lover) now found himself but coldly received: Yet with an uninterrupted evenness of temper, continued still to visit her, upon the foot of a friend, a Platonic, or what else she would please to call him.

In the mean time the father of *Castalio*, his rival, had some intimation given him of his intrigue, and that he intended to marry *Aspasia*, whose fortune, tho' better than 6000 l. was by no means equivalent to what he proposed for his son. Without taking any further notice, he sent for him, and having a considerable estate at *Fort St. George*; in the *East Indies*, made a care of that a pretence of dispatching him thither. In short, *Aspasia* and he were forced to part, with a flood of tears, and the usual vows to each other. Two years almost past before any thing was heard of him; then came the news of his death,
confirmed

confirmed by so many hands, and such particular circumstances, that there was no room to doubt of the truth of it. *Polydore* had gone on all this while in the same road of an innocent acquaintance with her; and as she ever preserved a good respect for him, now under her affliction she found the use of his friendship. Who could so properly condole with her the loss of *Castalio*, as the man who had loved him beyond his own quiet and happiness? To whom could she so freely communicate her grief, as to one who knew her weakness, and had long since forgiven her the cruellest effects of it? Thus, by mingling their sorrows, they fell insensibly into a tenderness for each other. His flame revived with greater violence than ever, and she on a sudden wonder'd at the progress she had made, before she well knew where she was. Considering herself as a kind of a widow, she resolved to continue such till a twelvemonth was expired. She did so, and having appointed her wedding day; just as she was going out, she was met by *Castalio* at the door; in the midst of joy and confusion she flew to him, and fainted in his arms; what measures can be taken in this affair? *Polydore*, like a madman, walks the streets with his sword drawn, and in case he is disappointed, threatens destruction to all about him. *Castalio* bewails *Aspasia* and himself; commiserates his friend, and upbraids his father who had intercepted his letters, and purchased of several *Irishmen* the report of his death.

The ROYAL LOVER;
Or, *Virtue put to the Proof.*

THE occasion of the following letter, and the Lady's ingenious answer thereto, was this. *Philip V*, king of *Spain*, being at *Bourdeaux*, and dining in public, during his stay, people of all sorts had an opportunity of seeing him. Among the rest were several ladies of good quality, and with them a young *Gascon* Lady, about eighteen years of age, who drew near the king's table: She was well grown, of a majestic lively countenance, exceeding neatly dressed; and besides all this, she had something charming in her air, which particularly distinguished her from all others of her sex that were about the young monarch. The King, without any ceremony, took a dish of sweetmeats, and turned them into her apron. She received his Majesty's present with surprizing modesty, but could not forbear blushing, which increased her charms, and made her admired by all the spectators. The young King smiled upon her, and signified by the many tender glances with which he beheld her, the impressions she had made on his heart.

As the fair one could not, without confusion, bear her part in this scene, she thought proper to withdraw. His Majesty, losing the sight of her, whisper'd to one of his pages, and bid him inform himself of the name and abode of this beauty. The repast being ended, the king retired into his closet, where he wrote a billet-deux, and gave it to his page,
to

to carry to the Lady, who was so suddenly become the object of his passion.

Madame,

‘ Love reigns in the hearts of kings, as well as in
‘ those of their subjects; she knows no power superior
‘ to her own, and the greatest monarchs in the world
‘ glory in their submission to her empire. You may
‘ think it strange, my dear, that I am affected with
‘ the charms of your person. I beg of you one hour’s
‘ interview, wherein I may shew you the excess of
‘ my affection, &c.’

The King, in giving this billet to the page, gave him, at the same time, a rich diamond, with orders to present it, in his name, with the billet, to the young Lady. The trusty page faithfully performed his royal master’s commands. The fair *Gascon* read the King’s tender billet, and received his present. As she was of a sprightly genius, she immediately sent his Majesty the following answer.

Sire,

‘ I assure you, that if love reigns over the hearts
‘ of kings, as it does over the least of their subjects;
‘ virtue, constancy, and fidelity, reign also among
‘ women of mean birth, as well as among queens.
‘ I return your Majesty hearty thanks for the tender
‘ love you have conceived for me, and yet more for
‘ the declaration you have made in the billet you
‘ have been pleased to give yourself the trouble of
‘ writing to me. Perhaps, great Prince, if I had
‘ been descended from the blood of queens, and so-

‘vereign princesses, you would not have regarded me. Sir, as I have already engaged my fidelity to a lover, to whom I have promised marriage, I beg your Majesty to dispense with the interview, which cannot but be fatal to my virtue.’

‘Nevertheless, Sir, I will keep your fire diamond, as a precious token of the love which it pleased so great a monarch to honour me with, at a time when I cannot answer him but with sighs and regret.’

IMPERTINENT JEALOUSY.

WE are now, my dear *Henrietta*, at a most delightful seat; during two months, gaiety has resided here: It belongs to a widow scarce twenty. Enchanted with her new state, she comes to pass the year of her mourning here, only to meditate in peace on her future choice, when decency will permit her to make herself amends for what she suffer’d with an old-husband, whom she hated with all her heart. She has the most beautiful face you can conceive, a fine height, an air of dignity, and a most engaging sincerity. In giving an account of her suffering, she can scarce smother her laughter. *The lord was jealous, and she could have over-reached him; she could—* This agreeable silly creature has just as much sense as is necessary to amuse herself and to please.

Miss *Annabella*, her sister, is a very different creature; was never out of this magnificent seat, where

she

she always lived with her father only. Her figure is noble and interesting; her air is sweet and delicate; she has a great deal of breeding and more sentiment. She wants nothing, in short, but knowledge of the world; but if she has not all the graces which that bestows, she is free from the vices to which it leads; vices, which it is so difficult to avoid in polite circles, where they have found the contemptible art of forgiving mutually every defect of the heart. I am always enraged, when I hear this criminal indulgence honour'd with the name of softness of manners, knowledge of human nature, and a condescension indispensable in society.——O! this Sir *Harry*; he is insupportable; every thing displeases him.——I thought him of a more equal temper. People must be very amiable who appear so to those who see them every day; I am out of patience with him: He advises me to throw away a nosegay that Sir *James* has gather'd himself, and has just given me; Sir *Harry* has not breathed since I had it; he brings me twenty examples of illness occasion'd by the strong perfume of jonquils; he assures me they are very bad for the head. As I see his impertinent jealousy, I shall keep the nosegay; I would keep it if it gave me a thousand head-achs.

Copy of an original Letter from a Scots Gentleman lately arrived in London, to his Friend in Scotland.

Dear Donnell,

AT parting you made me promise to write to you how I likt *England*, and how the folk be-have here: I came up in three days in the *Newcastle* coach to *Lonin*, when I came to the *Goud Cross*, where I inned; I expected to find my coosen *Sandy* and our twa schule fallows, *Pate* and *Watty*, but the deel a yin of them was there; but I coudney rest without the company of ken-folk, which made me fet out for the city to find them, along we a young *English* gentleman that ken'd the gate, but gauin down a muckle lang street they ca the *Strand*, we lost yin anither, and whan I coudney find him I was obliged to spear the gate mysel: I therefore lookt about to see wha I should ask, I took care to shun some ragget, coal-stealer-looking chieles, and saw a weil draft bony lady, and askt her to show me the gate to *Cornbill*; she answer'd me again, and lawght, and was unkey free and mannerley, and said she was gawing that way, and wad shaw me; but askt if I wad gee her a glafs of wine first? Wee a my heart, I said, I'll gee ye twa or three, and we went together; but Oh, *Donnell*, I dare say nae mair—the woman was fair to look upon, I mun confess, busked wi silks, and as braw as the Laird's lady. The next morning I was very angry for lying wi a harlot, and wanted some of mi filler again, but the deel a bawbee she wou'd gee me
and

and then I began to suppose that her being the dawghter of an *Englisb* laird, and at law for the estate, and was offered 20000*l.* for to make it up, was a damn'd lee, and I e'en geed ower the thougths of her ever paying me the 500*l.* she promised me for the ten guineas I had lent her. The next day I came on '*Change*', hanging my lugs, where I saw se many ken'd folk I thougth I had been at *Aberdeen*; but there was nane kinder to me than twa or three *Englisb* gentlemen in trade, that I dealt with: we had ne'er seen yin anitherbefore, only ken'd yin anither by letter, and weel they might ken me, they had taen a haw of my filler: however yin of them was very preffing I shou'd take mi dinner wi him; I did sae, and he carried me to a *Lonin* tavern; but, Oh, *Donnell*, if you but saw the room, it was clean souped out, a muckle side-table, foo of glasses, wi knives, forks, plates, filler saat-phats, and every thing as it had been in the Laird's howse; but the maist surprizing thing of aw, we was attended wi young gentlemen with clean ruffled farks, their shoon and buckles glitt'ring in your face, their hair powdered, and stane buckles in their fark breasts; they ran, they bowed, in short they ware aw qualified for dancing maisters; at coming awa, my merchant wadney let me pay, but paid it aw, and gied tippence to the young gentleman that waited; I thougth it was ow'r little, and I put a shilling in his lous, and hoped he wadney be affronted; but, O, as he did bow and scrape for that shilling, and was so far from being affronted he would ha taen anither if I had geen him it; after that we went to a *Scotsman's*, where there was many yins, and mae of them supping on sheep-head

head and haggis, and other *Scots* dishes; I shaked my head, and did na like it at aw; I thought it was best to eat *English* meat in the *English* fashion in *England*, as I wad be tir'd enough of *Scot's* meat when I got hame again; but indeed I had ne muckle pleasure, as the lads seemed to be aw se prood; however, I geed aw the services as I was desired, but they war ne muckle taen notice of; and that they might gee themselfs airs o' consequence, they pretended to forget aw their auld friends; and what the deel d'ye think, I saw *Toke Paterfon* our schule-fellow, who is a maister taylor here, and I tell'd him that nae less a man than the laird of *M'Lawghlin*, and his man *Andrew* geed their service to you: *Toke* he skrew'd up his mouth, and spake *englised*; says he, the laird I remember something of, I think he is mi cowfin, but dun't know any thing o' his man *Andrew*.—To hear him speak this lee, I fell into a passion; deel speed the leers, quo I, *Toke*, for it is *Andrew* that's your cusin, the laird's ni a drop of blood to you: This made a great lawgh, and that was the only lawgh amang us. The rest of the night was spent in disputing wha shud pay maist of the reckoning, and di ne believe it wad been decided yet, if there had ne been an *Englishman* amang us that had mair sense than we had aw, that put his hand in his pouch, pull'd out twa shillen, and cast them on the table, and sayed, that's what it comes to a-piece, and there's my share, dam me if I'll stay any langer; on which we aw did the same, and so we break up; but after that I kept clase to my *English* acquaintances. I like *English* cookin better than our *Scots*, and the folks are very civil: What think you o' a man drest better

better than yin o' our lairds, or a lady busked brawer than yin o' our ladys, coming out of their shops to show ye the gate, when ye di ne ken it yersel; and aw the time I've been here, has never met with the least uncivil thing, till the other night I was invited to a club, where there was a hantle speaking about politics, when a hang lucking fallow told me I leed. I geed him the lee again, on which he wanted to box, but I didne understand boxing, but said I wad fight him wi a stick; but the company held us, while his kneeves kept youking to gee me a gouf of the havatt; at the same time I was as foo o' venom, and wanted as muckle ta crack his crown wi my stick; but aw the company took mi part, as he geed me the lee first, and aw the rest of the night he looked like a fougie cock. Tell *Maggy Frazer* that I hae seen her dawghter *Jane*, and she has geed me twa guineas, and bad me no say ony thing about her bairn, for nae body kend it here: I geed her a lawgh, and a clap o' the cheek, Ah, *Janet*, ye cheated Mefs *John*, and left *Scotland* without sitting on the stool; I will mind every thing you desire. I hope you will gee my service to *Sandy*, unkle *Wully*, aunt *Lizy*, the Minister, and aw the Elders.

I am, dear Donnell,

Your's, &c.

An

An ODD REASON for LOVE.

Madam,

THERE may have been other men, perhaps, besides myself, who have fallen in love with a woman they did not know; but for a man to do it for no other reason than her declaring against him, is, I believe an honour that has been reserved for your humble servant. They tell me, Madam, you are so far from liking me yourself, that you believe nobody else can: That you find nothing agreeable in my person, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot: That for my wit, (for every body, Madam, carries something about them which they call wit) it is all affectation: That I am an abstract of vanity: That I am so much in love with myself, that it is impossible for me to be so with any body else. These things, Madam, that might have put some people into anger, have put me into love. For, as those who are naturally peevish, will be angry at people, let them endeavour never so much to please them, so we who are naturally amorous, cannot avoid being in love with a lady, let her take never so much pains to anger us. And, indeed, Madam, did people ground their passions upon reason, you have given me one of the most reasonable causes to love you in the world: For, as there is no man of wit but knows himself to be a fool, so he ought to have an opinion of their judgment, who find it out as well as himself. It is reported as an instance of the bravery of the *Amazons*, that they would never marry a man till they

they had fought with him first, and if he beat them very much, he might expect to be loved very much by them. Now I, Madam, who profess as great a veneration for wit, as the *Amazons* had for courage, cannot have so good a reason for love, as your having exercised your wit upon me: Tho' it's possible you may attribute my passion to another cause, and as you think I love nothing beside myself, may have some kindness for you, because you are never like to be my rival; however, assure yourself, Madam, it is no such thing, but knowing the worst you can say of me to be true, and having a natural affection for truth, wit, and women, (you will think a man a very general lover, who can love truth, wit, and women at the same time) I must needs be infinitely in love with you, in whom I find them all together. Be not, however, deluded into a better opinion of me, by what any body can say; for, as it is only your hating me that makes me love you, as soon as that ceases, I am afraid my love will do so too. As you therefore value my kindness, take heed of having any for me; and satisfy yourself, that as long as you continue to think me a silly, idle, conceited fop, I shall continue to be, with all the passion imaginable,

Madam,

Your's, &c.

D. R.

AVARICE

AVARICE the Bane of LOVE; a shocking Instance of it.

S I R,

BY the consent and approbation of a certain gentleman, I made my addresses to his daughter, whose person, conduct, and behaviour had raised in me a particular esteem. Our age was equal, and our fortunes justly proportion'd; and if her fortune, which her father said he would give her, was added to mine, such an union with that of our hearts, would have made us happy; but when I had gained her affections, and she reciprocally mine; when I pressed the old gentleman that we might happily end our amour in marriage, which had been happily carried on, and which he had himself so long encouraged and approved, he put it off from time to time, and still new invented delays set aside new solicitations. At last, finding by my anxiety, my repeated requests, and my tenderness for his daughter, that I was desperately in love with her, he even fairly told me, 'That his girl had not made such a choice as he liked; that he was disobliged at her, and that if I would have her, I should take her without a farthing of money.'—Sir, I was confounded at his speech, and as soon as I could possibly recover myself, I urged to him his prior approbation, his encouragement, his verbal agreement, the stipulated fortune, the breach of faith, and the shocking injury not to me only, but also to his daughter.—It was all in vain, he would hear no argument, because he could
give

give no answer to any. His determination was seemingly resolute to dispose of his daughter to some lover in reserve, or his daughter without his money to me, if I would take her. I was not so much a fool but I immediately saw through the whole course of the old man's policy, which was first to fix me fast in the noose, and then save his daughter's portion by the effects of her beauty; nor was I indeed so ridiculous and impudent a lover to be tricked into a marriage, which, from this new turn, would be attended with inconveniencies, that might make my own life miserable. With the utmost speed I had an interview with the lady, whom I loved, I think, as much as a man could. I acquainted her with this new caprice of her father; I pitied her absolute dependance upon him; I renewed the sincerity of my prior vows, and then set before her the dismal consequences that might ensue on an imprudent marriage, when it was the dependance on her fortune, that was, in a great measure, to have constituted our happiness; concluding, that if her father remained obstinate, as we must not think of living together, it would be most proper not to see one another but as seldom as possible. — With the most affecting innocence and concern, mixed with love, she heard me, till I came to the article separation; at that I saw another passion glow in her eyes, and with resentment she cried— 'Must it not be proper to see one another?—Must it be as seldom as possible?—Indifferent, perjur'd, dishonourable man! it shall never be. Are these your vows?—Is this your fidelity?—My father may be a miser, but you are a —— I know not what to name you.—You for ever have deprived me of rest, hope, pleasure,

pleasure, and felicity, and may never any of them be your lot.—Your constancy after marriage might have made my father relent, and heaven have blessed that fidelity you have not had constancy enough to shew.—But, Sir, I am not persuading you; to evince it, farewell, farewell, for ever.—She left me, with how much concern upon my heart, as it was beyond what I ever felt, it is beyond what I ever can express. Tho' I was assured her reproach was unjust, yet from the principle of affection that gave occasion to it affected me. I struggled long between romantic love and prudent conduct. One day I was resolved to sling myself at her feet the next, and give a proof of my love, by ruining myself in marriage; but the next, I thought it better to see her father again, and strive if any reasonable terms could be made.—I went, but the old gentleman, how convinced within himself that I must comply at any rate, with an ironical smile, answer'd, I know you will run away with my girl, her I cannot guard, but my money you shall never touch a doit of.—This I thought justification enough to put an end entirely to my amour; but the gentlewoman, to whom my addresses were paid, has flung herself into a frantic melancholy, accuses me as a villain, and I am at least thought a dishonourable wretch by all who knew our courtship, but not these latter circumstances of it.

PORTIUS.

To

*To a Lady in the Country, who was
going to be married.*

Madam,

AFTER having written you a letter upon your first going down, I have never dar'd to venture one since, lest I should be mistaken in my address; and for ought I know to write to you by the name of Mrs. ———, may be as uncivil, as to call my Lord Mayor Mr. Alderman. However, Madam, blame not me for it, since we are in perfect ignorance of the matter. We had very positive news one while of your being married; and as positive after, that it was not yet done; which some here took, I can assure you for a great act of mercy. Half a dozen sparks of your acquaintance have provided themselves either with love-songs 'or epithalamiums, to send you as occasion shall require, without being yet able to know which would be more proper: And here half a dozen more who have had hálters about their necks ever since the report of your going to be married, for they are resolved to be ready upon the first notice, that the same post which brings the news of your wedding, may carry back that of their deaths. 'Tis true, Madam, I took the boldness to advise 'em not to be over-hasty in the affair, since they might do it afterwards at their own convenience; and experiments of this nature were difficult enough to correct, when they were once ill done. But all I could say was in vain, they are positive in the matter, and half a dozen of the handsomest trees in the
park

park are mark'd out for the execution. I must confess, I endeavour'd to divert them as much as I could from chusing that place, for the benefit of the company that walks there; I told 'em it was contrary to all precedent to make use of elms or lime-trees, since the willow had, time out of mind, been reserved for that use; and that a lover who did not hang himself according to form, had as good never hang himself at all. They answer'd me very fur-lily, (tho' very truly too I must own) that it was not my business: That it was a very hard case people might not hang themselves without my leave; and that as they would not hinder me when ever I was about such a thing, so they took very ill that I should pretend to hinder them. I must confess, Madam, I could say very little in the case; and you may believe I had no mind to enter upon a quarrel with people in their circumstances; but I thought the acquainting you with it, was a duty that became

Yours, &c.

J. M.

To

To a MASQU'D LADY.

Madam,

THO' I doubt not, Madam, but that you have made the most considerable conquests under the sun, yet give me leave to say, you never made any so extraordinary as this before : You have subdued, without the conqueror's common vanity, of making yourself known, and have gain'd the most absolute victory in the world, without so much as unsheathing your face. I, who never knew a woman could overcome me, am overcome by I know not who : And can both boast of the greatest passion, and the greatest faith in nature together : The seeing you, which is the reason of other people's love, might, for ought I know, destroy mine ; for I have rais'd ideas of you, to which it is difficult for any thing in nature to arrive. I imagine you the most charming creature in the universe, and at the same time fancy you to be somewhat more than I imagine. I have dress'd you up in all the most different shapes of nature. In whatever you appear, it has always been the most amiable. And after having suppos'd you maid, wife, and widow, by turns, I find I can love you infinitely, be you any one of them. Did I know in which state you were, I would certainly make love to all of it, till I arriv'd at you ; and for want of that, I am forced to confine myself to womankind. I leave it to your own conscience, Madam, whether you can leave the most constant lover in nature in this condition : tho' it feel no remorse
for

for the least disappointment, I shall very hardly ever trust it more. Yet however extravagant my passion is, do not apprehend that I should make any malicious reflections on you to the world; let my other virtues be what they will, my fidelity is unquestionable: And assure yourself, there is no man breathing less apt to tell a secret he does not know, than,

M A D A M,

Your's, &c.

*A Letter from an ATTORNEY on the
Circuit to his Mistress in Town.*

My dear Charmer,

THE circuit is now at an end, and the judges and lawyers on their return home; but no felon sentenced at the assizes to transportation, could have been in a more wretched plight than your humble servant; for I can safely make affidavit, that each day I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *dies non*. Cupid the tipstaff has served me with an attachment from your bright eyes, more dreadful than green-wax process; he has taken my heart into custody, and will not accept of bail; unless you allow of my plea, I must be nonsuited in a cause I have set my heart upon. Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a
speedy

speedy rejoinder, hang me up term after term, by frivolous delays, which tend only to gain time.

I filed my bill of last *Michaelmas* term, on the morrow of *All Souls*, in hopes e're this to have joined issue with you; it is now fifteen days from *Easter-day*, and by your demurring I am as far from bringing my cause to a hearing, as before I commenced my suit; you still delay putting in your answer, which is absolutely against the practice of all courts: I would willingly quit the fattest client there, to attend your business, would you but submit to a reference; and should prefer an attendance at your chambers to those of a master in chancery.

I stand in great need of an able council to move my suit while I am absent. That fly slut *Dolly*, your chambermaid, has taken my fee, yet I fear betrays my cause; she is ever preferring some cross-bill which protracts matters, and yet I do not sue in *Forma pauperis*, being ready and willing to seoff you in a good jointure; and to this I will bind myself, my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, by a deed in which you shall nominate trustees.

To save expence, my clerk shall engross it, and it shall be perused by your own lawyer, it being left as quare, how vally preferable the title of a *feme covert*, is to that of a spinster; but you will answer short to all my interlocutory interrogatories: If I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, by even a jury of your own friends, I am certain I should obtain a verdict in my favour, and recover costs against you; for I have a good action for attendance, and loss of time, tho' upon the *possea*, I do not think I could find in my heart to issue a *ca. sa.*

F

against

against you, or put you into any court but that of *Hymen*.

You have equity in your own breast, and from thence I hope for relief. Decree but for me, and the day of effoign shall be that of your own nuptials, and the eve of the lasting felicity of,

Dear Creature,

Your humble Supplicant,

and faithful Orator, &c.

A BUTCHER'S COURTSHIP;

*From Florimel in the Country to her
Friend in Town.*

I Beg pardon, dear Madam, for not answering yours sooner, but, upon my word, I have been so tormented with the head-ach, that I thought I should have gone mad; besides, I have got an admirer, but as the d — I will have it, I am in a night's time to be in the middle of an island, by which means I cannot go out to give him a leer: Now, is not this enough to make one sick? As for my man, perhaps you would like to know what sort of a creature he is. Why then I will tell you: He is really handsome, and not very ungenteel: His occupation I own I have some dislike to, for you must know

know the gentleman is a butcher, but to make up for that dislike, he is, what I much admire, that is, a jolly fellow, and accosted me in a free easy manner, such as you are a young widow, and I am a widower, and if you will drink a dram with me, I will tell you more of my mind. I, fond of having a few fine things said to me, had the bottle brought: so then the discourse ran thus: Faith, widow, I like you, and if you will have me, I will settle fifty pounds a year upon you, and a great pair of bull's horns, to dispose of as you think fit. This last proposal, I must say, I thought a good one, so would not give him a positive denial, but told him I would consider of it; since which I have heard no more of the gentleman; when I do, you shall partake.

I hope to see you in town very soon, at which time we will talk over the coy widow, wanton girls, huge man, &c.

Pray my service to Mrs. P——, tell her, that last *Wednesday* night, was such a dreadful night of thunder and lightning, that all the town of B — s got up to their prayers, believing it the last day. It was (they say) diametrically opposite, in a parallel line, to this house, and every body thought we should be snatched away in our climacteric. I need not tell you my study, for you will all know by this, that it is algebra. This seems to me a very learned letter; I wish it may divert you, and I shall think my time well spent. I wish I knew of any thing more entertaining, if I did you should have it; but you must take the will for the deed, and excuse the nonsense of

Your's, &c.

FLORIMEL.

COURAGE *the best Recommendation in*
a Lover ; MILO to his Friend
 STANDARD.

YOU know, *Jack*, I am by profession a soldier, and have rather the rough manliness of an old campaigner, than the polite effeminacy which too generally reigns among our modern pretty fellows of the army ; but as there is no resisting the power of beauty, I make my addresses to a lady who has too many charms to have only a single swain to languish at her feet. I have a number of rivals, but two only that I reckon dangerous ; the one a smart spark, who relies on the trimmings of his cloaths, and his knowledge in the fashions, to gain her affections ; the other a temple wit, who with a brisk repartee and a jingling sonnet, is telling her she has much sense as beauty, and would secure the possession of her person by praising the endowments of her mind. The other day we all three drank tea with the lady, who seemed to indulge herself with having three of her humble slaves at once paying their devoirs to her. The beau complimented her on the elegance of her taste, by the dress she had appeared in at court on the birth-day. The wit made his address by acquainting her, that the smile she made in the drawing room on the frightful appearance of miss *Aukward's Dutch* head was universally approved. As for myself, I only humbly mention'd, that she had done as much execution at the levee on our general officers, as they had formerly done on the *French* at *Blenheim* and *Ramilies*.

As both my rivals had kept strict to character in their several recommendations, I could do no otherwise; and advanced, that nothing is more necessary to procure or merit the love of the fair sex than valour, and I am glad I did so, as it gives me not a little consolation in my amour with the most deserving of women. It is a proof of a lady's good judgment, when she prefers a man of courage to a timorous fopling; for he who dares shew his valour to a man, will consequently shew his courage to a lady. And it is most political in the fair sex to esteem that which is capable of their protection. Besides, a soldier would not make all those idle punctilios of ceremony which the more bashful lover thinks needful. A lady by him would be prevented from putting on pride and disdain; which, at the same time they are foreign to her heart, she is forced to; for the cold pride in women generally arises from the base servility in men; for as cowards in a quarrel grow valiant on those whom they find are more cowards, so cowards in love, from their servile fear in asking the question, give women the courage to deny them, and by their own doubts teach them that they ought to be hard to be obtained. This kind of bashfulness, or rather fear, is far from men of valour, and especially from soldiers; for they are forward and confident, losing no time lest they should lose an opportunity; for on the vigilance of the lover, the success of the amour, as well as of a military expedition, depends; besides, they know that women, like enemies, are apt to dissemble, therefore they will never believe them when they deny it.

LOVE'S CRITICAL MINUTE; *an*
amorous Scene.

Lovers,

Monday.

THE dye is cast, and the whole happiness of my life depends on the present moment. After having kept the letter, confessing my passion, two days, without having resolution to deliver it, this morning in the garden, being a moment alone with lady *Julia*, in the summer-house, the company at some distance, I assumed courage to lay it on a table, whilst she looked out of a window, which had a prospect that engaged all her attention. When I laid it down, I trembled, a chillness seized my whole frame, my heart trembled within me. I withdrew instantly, without ever staying to see whether she took it up. I waited at a little distance, hid in a close arbour of woodbines, my heart trembling with apprehension, and by the time she staid in the summer-house, had no doubt of her having seen the letter. When she appeared, I was still more convinced; she came out with a timid air, and looked as if fearful of a surprize; the lively crimson flushed in her cheek, and was succeeded by a dying paleness. I attempted to follow, but had not courage to approach her. I suffered her to pass the arbour where I was, and advanced slowly towards the house; when she was out of sight, I went back to the summer-house, and found the letter was gone. I have not seen her. I am going to dinner; my limbs will

will scarce support me : How I shall fear the first sight of lady *Julia* ! How be able to meet her eyes !

I have seen her, but my fate is yet undetermined ; she has avoided my eyes, which I scarce dared to raise from the ground. I once looked at her when she did not observe me, and I saw a melancholy on her countenance, which stabbed me to the soul. I have given sorrow to the heart of her, whom I would wish to be ever most happy ; and to whose good I would sacrifice the dearest hope of my soul. Yes, *Love-more*, let me be wretched, but let every blessing heaven can bestow, be the portion of the loveliest of her sex.

Oft have I, during the sallies of youth, laid siege to beauty, and pretended love, with no other design than to satisfy my selfish wishes, at the expence of the fair ; but now, I think, I am arrived at the years of maturity, and view things in a better light. My tenderness to lady *Julia* is more warm, more animated, more violent, and has a delicacy which those only who love like me, can form any idea of ; independent of the charms of her person, it can never cease but with life ; not even then, if in another state we have any sense of what passed in this ; it is eternal, and incorporated with the same soul, above every selfish desire. The first object of my thoughts and wishes, are her happiness ; which I would die, or live wretched to secure. Every action of my life is directed to the sole purpose of pleasing her ; my noblest ambition is to be worthy her esteem. My dreams are full of her ; and when I awake the first idea that rises in my mind is the hope of seeing her, and of seeing her well and happy. My most ardent prayer to the supreme giver of all good is for her welfare.

In true love, my friend, there is a pleasure abstracted from all hope of return ; and where I certain she would never be mine, I would not, for all the kingdoms of the world, give up the dear delight of loving her.

Those who never felt this enlivening power, this divinity of the soul, may find a poor insipid pleasure in tranquility, or plunge into various excesses to animate their tedious hours ; but those who have, can never give up so sweet, so divine a transport, but with their existence, to taste any other joy but in subordination.

O *Lovemore* ! When I beheld her, read the soft language of those speaking eyes, hear those harmonious sounds —. Who that has a soul can be insensible —. Yet there are men dead to all sense of perfection, who can regard that angel form without rapture ; can hear the music of that voice without emotion ! I have myself with astonishment seen them, inanimate as the trees around them ; listen coldly to those melting accents —. There is a sweetness in her voice. *Lovemore*, a melodious softness, which fancy cannot paint : The enchantment of her conversation is inexpressible.

Four o'Clock.

I am the most wretched of mankind, and wretched without the right of complaining. The baseness of the attempt deserves the pangs I suffer. I have attempted to seduce the heiress of him on earth, to whom I am most obliged ! O my friend ! have we indeed two souls ? Can I see so strongly what is right,
yet

yet want power to act up to my own sentiments? The torrent of passion bears down all before it. I abhor myself for this weakness. I would give worlds to recall that fatal letter. Her coldness, her reserve, are more than I can support. My madness has undone me; my assiduity is importunate. I might have preserved her friendship. I have thrown away the first happiness of my life. Her eyes averted, shun me as an object of hatred. I shall not long offend her by my presence; I will leave her for ever; I am eager to be gone, that I may carry myself far from her. O *Love-more*! Who could have thought that cruelty dwelt in that form? She hates me, and all my hopes are destroyed for ever.

Monday Evening.

This day, the first of my life, What a change has this day produced ! These few flying hours have raised me above mortality. Yes, I am most happy, she loves thee *Lovemore* : Her conscious blushes, her down cast eyes, her heaving bosom, her sweet confusion, have told me what her tongue could not utter : She loves me, and all else is below my care : She loves me, and will pursue her. What are the mean considerations of fortune, to the tender union of hearts ? Can wealth or titles deserve her ? No, my friend, love alone. She is mine by the strongest ties, by the sacred bond of affection. The delicacy of her soul is my certain pledge of happiness : I can leave her without fear ; she cannot now be another's.

I told you my despair this morning; my lord proposed an airing; chance placed me in lady *Julia's* chaise.

chaife. I entered it with a beating heart: A tender fear of having offended, inseparable from real love, kept me some time silent. At length, with some hesitation, I begged her to pardon the effect of passion and despair, vowed I would rather die than displease her; that I did not now hope for her love, but could not support her hate.

I then ventured to look up to the loveliest of women; her cheeks were suffused with the deepest blush; her eyes, in which there was the most dying languour, were cast timidly on the ground, her whole frame trembled, and with a voice broken and interrupted, she exclaimed: Hate you! Mr. *Belmore*, O heavens! She could say no more, nor did she need, the dear truth broke like a flash of lightening on my soul.

Yet think not I will take advantage of this dear prepossession in my favour, to seduce her from her duty to the best of parents; from lord *Worthy* will I only receive her. I will propose no engagements contrary to the rights of an indulgent father, to whom she is bound by every tie of gratitude and filial tenderness. I will pursue my purpose, and leave the event to heaven, which knows the integrity, the disinterested purity of my intentions. I will evince the reason of my passion, by endeavouring to be worthy of her. The love of such a woman is the love of virtue itself; it raises, it refines, it ennobles every sentiment of the heart: How different from that fever of selfish desire I felt for the amiable countess!

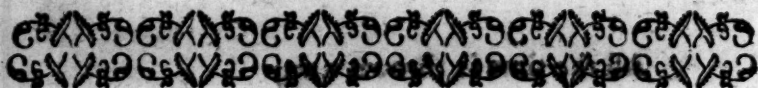
O *Lovemore*, had you beheld those blushes of reluctant sensibility, seen those charming eyes softened with a tenderness, as refined as that of angels —

She

She loves me —, let me repeat the dear sounds —.
 She loves me, and I am the happiest of mortals !
 Adieu.

All the time is thrown away
 That is not spent in love.





POETICAL RECREATIONS.

The WHIMSICAL LEGACY.

In Imitation of the Summer's Tale in
CHAUCER.

WHERE *Humber's* streams divide the fruitful
 plain,
 There liv'd a Friar of the *begging train*;
 Who, as *Dan Chaucer's*, merry tales have told,
 Would give his pray'rs, his mass, his heav'n for gold;
 As once his gown high tuck'd, his scrip new hung,
 Pois'd on his staff, he pensive trudg'd along,
 A door stood ope, where oft the beachen bowl,
 Smiling with nut-brown ale, had cheer'd his soul.
 Gently he rapt, then cry'd, ' May here content
 ' With peace for ever dwell'—and in he went.
 Sick lay the Host, the Friar growl'd a pray'r,
 And with an *Ave Mary* told his care,

Here

Here down he laid his staff, there hung his hat,
 Brush'd from the wicker chair the *tabby cat*,
 And with a solemn leisure down he sat:
 Then thus begun: 'To day I preach'd in town;
 'But kept not servile to the text alone;
 'Ah! *Thomas*, had you heard my subtle wit,
 'My gloss, my comment, on the holy writ;
 'Tho' well I know 'gainst Friars you incline,
 'You'd own that Friars are of *right divine*.'

The Host reply'd, 'In comments I've no skill,
 'By comments priests can prove just what they will.
 'Of reas'ning deep, some clerks to shew the farce,
 'From head to head drawl out the long discourse;
 'On this side now, and now on that dispute,
 'Are now confuted, and again confute;
 'Make saint with saint, father with father vie,
 'Till glosses prove the Scripture all a lie.'

'Ah, friend, the Friar cry'd, you'll nought believe,
 'But what your *simple reason* can conceive:
 'Laymen must credit, tho' the doctrine's *new*,
 'The *Text* may *vary*, but the *comment's true*.'

The wise step in, and stopt the haranguing priest,
 A curtsy dropp'd, and welcom'd in her guest;
 Slow from the chair the smiling friar rose,
 And made with awkward air his solemn bows:
 Nor there he stopt, but to enlarge his bliss,
 Squeez'd her soft hand, and smack'd a hearty kiss.

'Ah! friend, quoth he, how happy is thy life,
 'Not the whole town can boast so fair a wife.
 'At church I view'd her as high mass was said,
 'Soft roll'd her eyes, and gently wav'd her head:
 'Each dame was envying, sighing was each swain,
 'Whilst she shone fairest among the fairest train.'

The

The sweetly simp'ring dame new pleasures found,
 With greedy ear imbib'd the flatt'ring sound;
 Princk'd up her tucker, ev'ry charm she try'd,
 And by her little arts reveal'd her pride;
 Then thus address'd him,—‘ Would you taste our
 ‘ cheer,

- ‘ The fare is homely, but the heart sincere :
- ‘ What could you eat, Sir ?’—‘ Nothing, cry'd the
 ‘ priest,
- ‘ But a thin slice from off the capon's breast ;
- ‘ A brace of woodcocks, or a fat pig's head,
- ‘ With a nice pudding of the whitest bread.
- ‘ My squeamish stomach hates a sumptuous treat,
- ‘ Learn'd clerks, who study much, but little eat.’

Swift tripp'd the Dame away, and seem'd to fly,
 Brisk as a colt, and jolly as a pie.

- The Friar's mind on int'rest chiefly ran,
 Absent the wife, he thus address'd the man :
- ‘ Is not our order pious, ours, which shares
- ‘ The day in fasting, and the night in pray'rs ?
- ‘ Than those more pious whom base trifles win,
- ‘ Who hold *Pluralities* to be no sin ?
- ‘ For why should country parish claim their care
- ‘ Curates perform the drudgery of pray'r ;
- ‘ Tho' their whole study is t'increase their store,
- ‘ Then talk fine things in praise of living poor ;
- ‘ With mock humility, of fasting preach,
- ‘ Tho' still forget to practice what they teach ;
- ‘ *All priesthood should be meek* ; but when there's seen
- ‘ The rosy *Prebend*, and the pamper'd *Dean*,
- ‘ Stalk to th' expecting choir with front elate,
- ‘ In all the grandeur of *Cathedral State* ;

‘ There

' There doze in stall, or o'er a sermon nod,
 ' Can we suppose them *meek*, or thoughtful on their
 ' God?
 ' Thus they : Ah ! *Thomas, Thomas*, by *St. Ive*,
 ' 'Tis by the *Friar's* zeal that *Laymen* thrive :
 ' Hence by our Convent's pray'r you're bless'd with
 ' wealth ;

' Hence by our masses you'll regain your health.'
 The churl in bed reply'd, ' I have been told
 ' The whole pursuit of priesthood is for gold :
 ' Thus some have said ; this I myself aver,
 ' I'm not a jot the better for their pray'r ;
 ' To *Monk*, to *Friar*, and to *Priest* I've giv'n,
 ' All were *divine Embassadors of Heav'n* :
 ' But, late, alas ! I found this truth confess'd,
 ' They surely *best* succeed who give the *least*.'
 ' Well, well, replied the priest ; appease your rage,
 ' War with my patrons never will I wage.
 ' Some Fools indeed will e'en with kings contend,
 ' To lash their vices, or their morals mend :
 ' I to reform a prince would never arm
 ' My tongue with thunder, or with threats alarm ; }
 ' Harsh precepts in a court can never charm.
 ' There not one vice I'd lash, nor tedious dwell
 ' On *stings of conscience*, or the *pains of hell* ;
 ' But gentle rules, in gentle words convey,
 ' Till ev'ry *fear* in *hope's* dissolv'd away.
 ' In short, I ne'er with patrons disagree,
 ' If they're reserv'd for hell, what's that to me ?
 ' But that your soul to heav'n may be consign'd,
 ' Confess to me your crimes, and calm your mind.
 ' Faith, said the *churlish host*, by good *St. John*,
 ' I've once to-day before been shriv'd by one ;

' And

- ‘ And once a day’s enough, — Enough indeed :
- ‘ The sneering priest reply’d, more sure to speed ;
- ‘ Yet to our convent something you may spare,
- ‘ And bounteously reward a friar’s prayer ;
- ‘ For, shou’d you fail, ah ! what I dread to tell ;
- ‘ *Saints* we must pawn, and *Fathers* we must sell.
- ‘ The layman’s lost, if lost that learned store,
- ‘ Then sermons, comments, lectures, are no more.
- ‘ In vain you’ll wish you had a friar to preach,
- ‘ For who, dear Sir, can like a friar teach ?’

He ends, but ah ! th’ harangue no convert gains,
Thomas the same *gruff churlish wight* remains ;
 So daring impious, that he thought the friar
 A canting hypocrite, a fawning liar ;
 Then thus : D’ye think, Sir, that I sure shall speed ?
 Hoft, I as much believe it as my creed ;
 Nay, I am positive, the friar cry’d :
Thomas seem’d pleas’d, and with a smile reply’d,
 Persuasive are thy words : While yet I live,
 In thine own hand, Sir friar, a *boon* I’ll give
 On this condition, and on this alone,
 That the whole convent equal share the boon.
 This thou shalt swear ; — Eager he plights his troth,
 His mass-book kiss’d, more firm to bind the oath.
 Then *Thomas* — Here, thrust down thy hand be-
 hind,

Worthy your convent there a gift you’ll find.
 As down he thrust his hand into the cleft,
 And gropes around to find the wish’d for gift,
 Delusive hope ! Something too closely pent,
Hoarse rumbling from within, demands a vent ;
 It burst ; then dissipated here and there,
 And fill’d the expecting hand with empty air.

Amaz’d,

Amaz'd, the friar started with surprise,
 Red glow'd his cheeks, and ardent flash'd his eyes.
 ' Is this, he cry'd, thy *penitence* confess'd ?
 ' Is this, false churl, thy duty to a *priest* ?
 Nor there he ended, but, to stop the fray,
 Men, maids, and wife, ran in, and chased the friar
 away.

The priest enrag'd, now meditating ire,
 With hasty pace trudg'd to the neighbouring 'squire ;
 A *Quorum* justice, of a sober life,
 A parish umpire to compose their strife :
 Ah ! *Benedicite*, the justice cry'd,
 What evil could to friar *John* betide ?
John roaring stamp'd before he silence broke,
 At last with swelling passion thus he spoke :
 ' Divines agree, and sages have confess'd,
 ' The church, herself, is wounded in her priest.'
 Again he roar'd—Pray, Sir, your patience hold,
 The justice cry'd, 'till all your tale is told.
 The friar the fact relates, as told before ;
 But as the story heighten'd, rag'd the more ;
 And e'er and anon abruptly mix'd
Revenge, prayer, priest, and holy church, betwixt.
Sancta Maria ! cries the 'squire's fair dame,
 Is this, Sir friar, all the crime you blame ?
 In my opinion, as I hope to speed,
 A *churl* has only done a *churlish* deed.
 ' Not so the 'squire with sager wisdom fraught,
 ' But gravely paus'd, and seem'd quite lost in thought,
 ' In mind revolv'd the statutes o'er and o'er,
 ' If ever such a case occur'd before :
 ' Then thus reply'd Good friar, that *sound* and *air*,
 ' Should be divided in an *equal* share

' Among

- Among *thirteen* —no— not the utmost skill
- In *Euclid's* problems could perform this will.
- The fact, as to a priest, I own's uncivil,
- The inspiration of some freakish d—l :
- Ne'er let the madding *churl* perplex thy soul,
- Sit down, and drown thy sorrows in a bowl.

Jenkin, the clerk, who heard the whole disaster,
 And thought he had more wisdom than his master,
 Pertly address'd the 'squire——Sir, I believe,
 • Would you, and your *good confessor* give leave,
 • I'd shew a way by which the *pious tribe*
 • This *comic gift* shall *equally* divide ;
 • And tho' I ne'er deep *Euclid's* problems knew,
 • You'll all allow that 'tis an *Axiom* true.
 • Here in the parlour, from the air close pent,
 • I'd have a cart wheel with *twelve spokes* be sent,
 • Which is, save one; the number of the tribe,
 • 'Mongst whom the gift I *equally* divide ;
 • Then to each spoke each lay his rev'rend beard,
 • Like some wise *Seers* of *Yore* of whom I've heard :
 • Your *noble confessor*, whom heaven save,
 • Should hold his nose upright into the nave,
 • The *churl* be brought, and cou'd it haply speed,
 • That he could there repeat the *churlish deed*,
 • 'Tis *demonstration* that each spoke around,
 • Would *equally* convey the *air* and *sound* ;
 • Indeed the *friar* here would first be serv'd,
 • But sure this *holy man* has best deserv'd.'

The *friar's* frown betray'd his troubled mind,
 But 'squire and lady thus in judgment join'd,
 With a new coat that *Jenkin* should be clad,
 And that the *churl* was neither fool nor mad.

*The COUNTRY JUSTICE, and
his Maid BETTY.*

SIR *John*, a country magistrate,
Of good round belly, hobbling gate,
Well known at ev'ry merry meeting,
Fam'd both for justice and for eating;
Was most severe as stories tell us,
Against the younger, sprightly fellows:
When frolicsome (for boys are wild)
They chanc'd to get the maids with child:
Would sternly take the cause in hand,
And both the parties reprimand,
With utmost rigour would enforce
The rigid laws that came in course,
Nor ever in the least excuse
That slight *faux pas* so much in use:
And yet by some 'twas shrewdly thought,
That he himself was sometimes naught;
For by the neighbours, was it said,
He was familiar with his maid:
But strangely time brings things about,
As murder some odd time will out:
And so it hap'd one luckless night,
When love unusual fired the knight;
His post so boldly he maintained,
The fatal proofs of it remain'd;
For scarce four months, were gone and past,
E'er *Betty* swell'd about the waist:
But warn'd before of this disaster,
The fearful wench inform'd her master;

Who

Who as it is the sinner's way
 To put far off the evil day,
 Neglects her till so large it made her,
 That to the neighbours it betray'd her.
 Now good Sir *John* begins to stir,
 And trembles for his character;
 Advises *Betty*, full of care,
 The bastard not on him to swear;
 That if she'll put disgrace aside,
 He'll for the child and her provide.
Betty, whose conscience wond'rous nice is,
 Was puzzled in this shameful crisis:
 But truth beyond her virtue prizes,
 And th' offer secretly despises;
 Yet, as her circumstances lay,
 Conjectur'd 'twas the wisest way,
 Resentment and her thoughts to smother,
 And say, she'll lay it to another.
 The knight thus eas'd, commits each whore,
 And scolds for justice as before:
 And tho' oft told of *Betty*'s failing,
 Pretends to disbelieve their railing,
 'Till time run on, and *Betty* grew
 So large to each impartial view,
 That now the danger was the same,
 Against the cautious knight's good name;
 When now to keep his fame, he thought,
 And ordered *Betty* to be brought.
 The *Quorum* sat, the blushing wench,
 In public stood before the bench.
 Sir *John*, who thought himself secure,
 Began to thunder out his pow'r,
 Demands aloud, who had beguil'd,
 Th' unhappy maid, and got the child?

The

The book's held out, she swoops to kiss it,
 And if I must disclose whose is it,
 She cry'd, that hath my truth beguil'd,
 Sir *John* is father to the child.
 Now sudden grief, surprize, and shame,
 O'erwhelm the knight, and blast his fame.
 The tale each stand'rous tongue reveals,
 And swells the story as it tells.
 To truth they add a thousand lies,
 And shame increases as it flies.
 Girls now unpunish'd stain the gown,
 And bastards swarm throughout the town.

*A VICAR'S Progress through his
 Parish.*

IN southern climes there lies a village,
 Where oft the vicar fond to pillage,
 Sallies, with gun aloft on shoulder,
 (*Orlando's* self could ne'er look bolder)
 With which well ramm'd, with proper cartridge,
 He knocks down apples or a partridge.
 And whilst o'er all his neighbour's ground,
 Striding, he throws his eyes around;
 Surveying with a look most blithe,
 The growing riches of the tithe;
 Minds not the game, for which he's beating,
 But to prevent his flock from cheating;
 Looks in each yard with jealous eye,
 With care examines ev'ry stye;

Numbers

Numbers the cows, observes their udders;
 And at the dread of losing shudders.
 ' His composition's low——the butter
 ' From so much milk——he can but mutter;
 ' He counts the poultry, large and fine,
 ' Forty and five, then four are mine.'
 But when the vernal season came,
 And took him from pursuit of game,
 A sudden thought of his condition,
 Then put him on an expedition;
 An expedition of great moment,
 Which sing I must, let what will come on't.
 Scratching his head, one day in strong sort,
 Then turning short upon his comfort,
 ' My joy, quoth he, now things are dearish,
 ' To make some visits in the parish,
 ' I think can never be amiss;
 ' As for my reason, it is this;
 ' Some farms, you know, lie very distant,
 ' At which I seldom am a vis'tant;
 ' And now the shooting season's over,
 ' Cannot so readily discover
 ' If any sharp and filching wight
 ' Should cheat us of our lawful right;
 ' Nor have we any means to hear how
 ' Soon they expect a sow to farrow.
 ' Besides, my dearest, should they cheat us,
 ' We shall get something when they treat us;
 ' And save at home the spit and pot;
 ' A penny sav'd 's a penny got.
 While thus with all his oratory,
 He labour'd thro' the pleasing story,

Madam

Madam, by's fide was all attention,
 Delighted with his good invention,
 Admir'd, and prais'd, then seal'd his bliss
 With joyous matrimonial kiss.
 And soon the loving pair agreed
 By this same system to proceed,
 And thro' the parish, with their Howd'ye.
 Go to each gaffer and each goody.
 'Twas then resolv'd, that first of all,
 They pay a visit at E——t H——ll;
 And *William's* order'd to save trouble,
 To get a steed that carries double;
 A neighbour's palfrey, small and pretty,
 Is borrow'd for the use of *Kitty*.
 All things provided, out they stalk,
 Poor *Dobbin* wishes them at *Tork*;
 Then mount, and sally in great state,
William before, behind them *Kate*;
 When thus he entertains his spouse,
 With observation on each house,
 Each field, and orchard, as they ride,
 Looking and pointing on each side;
 Remarking whence his profits rise,
 And where he gets the best supplies.
 ' That house is manag'd ill, my dear,
 ' It scarce affords a pig a year:
 ' This orchard's good, but where it wider,
 ' 'Twould yield a hogshhead of good cyder.
 With joy he shews where turnips grew,
 And tells what profits thence accrue;
 But looks with envy on each stubble
 That nothing pays for vicar's trouble.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd she admires the lambkins play,
And loves them when she's told they pay.

Suppose them now arriv'd ; my dame
Runs out, enquiring how they came ;
Welcomes them in, and after all her
Forms are gone thro', she shews her parlour :
Pray, Madam, take a dram ; the weather
Is cold and damp, and I have either
Good rum or brandy, plain or cherry ;
A glass will make you warm and merry.
Next on the board the tea things rattle.
And introduce a world of prattle.

' Your china's pretty, I declare ;

' 'Tis pity 'tis such brittle ware.'

Your tea is to your mind, I hope —

' Extremely good.' — Pray one more cup.

' Your toast is very nice ; I've eat

' 'Till I'm asham'd.' — Another bit.

The butter, ma'am, is fresh and sweet,

Altho' I say't, that should not say't.

After removing all the clutter

Of china, tea, and toast and butter,

Pipes and tobacco come, and beer,

Preserv'd thro' many a rolling year,

And currant wine, and punch, fit liquor

To elevate the heart of vicar.

At Loo the ladies take a game,

All but my notable old dame ;

She has not time to seat her crupper,

She's so intent on getting supper.

At length it comes, a sparib large

Enough to cover a small barge,

Or

Or for (the simile to drag on)
 A tilt for any carrier's waggon.
 Attended by a brace of chicken
 But twelve months old, for ladies picking;
 A link of sausages, that seem
 A boom designed for some strong stream.
 'Your chicks are very fine.'—You flatter;
 I wish they were a little fatter.
 But I have two shut up, design'd
 For you, ma'am——'You're extremely kind.'——
 And soon (my sow is very big)
 I hope to send you a fat pig.
 The vicar inward smil'd, to see
 His scheme succeed so happily.
 At last an apple-pye appear'd,
 In earthen bowl, with custard smear'd.

The cloth remov'd, the chearful glass
 Begins to circulate a pace.
 The landlord waxing brisk and mellow,
 Becomes a hearty jovial fellow;
 And now with liquor, grown full ripe——
 'Parson, you shall take t'other pipe.'——
 We must not stay; 'tis late, Sir—no—
 Well, one half pipe—and then we go.
 The pipe and liquor out, they start,
 And homeward speed, with joyful heart.
 He triumphs in his good success,
 And she applauds his nice finesse.

The VICAR'S Reply.

RHIMES! bless me! doggrel, I suppose.
 Wrote by some son of *Braxen Nose* *;
 Some starv'ling bard, or curate thin,
 Whose bones have elbow'd out his skin;
 And jogg'd him to provoke his muse.
 An honest vicar to abuse,
 Because he looks a little sleek,
 With belly fair, and rosy cheeks;
 This vicar lives so blithe and happy,
 With daily roast meat, and ale nappy;
 With dogs to hunt, and steeds to ride,
 And wife that ambles at his side;
 Who loves no hurries, routs nor din,
 But gently chucks her husband's chin.
 These blessings altogether met,
 Have put lean curate in a pet,
 As meagre wine is apt to fret:
 And so this bard ecclesiastic
 One day presum'd in *Hudibrastic*,
 One day in Lent, un-eating time,
 To prick his genius into rhyme.
 The wind fresh blowing from the south,
 And *India* vapours from his mouth;
 For smoaking aids, this *dry* divine,
 Puff follows puff, and line succeeds on line.

* The college where the unfortunate young gentleman finished his studies.

His lines by puffs, he's wont to measure,
 He rhimes for drink, and puffs for pleasure,
 And as he labours for a joke,
 Out comes a puff that ends in smoke.
 Lo! swelling into thought he sits,
 Wrapt in the rage of rhiming fits;
 Fits which are seldom known to fail,
 When full blown up with bottled ale.
 But puffy cyder's better still,
 It always works his doggel mill;
 By which 'tis plain to all mankind,
 His mill for verses goes by *wind*.
 Encourag'd thus with bouncing liquor,
 He points his wit against the vicar.
 Then grows satiric on his wife,
 The very meekest thing in life;
 And next on cunning-looking *Kitty*,
 And calls her palfrey, not her, pretty.
 But why, sad poet, should you fall
 On the good woman of *E — t H — ll*?
 Because you did not taste her supper,
 You hit her hard upon the crupper.
 Next time that I, and spouse ride double,
 To save your muse, and you too trouble;
 And keep my horse from being hit
 With any of your waggish wit;
 I'll take you in my hand along,
 And thus prevent some idle song;
 Cram you with custard 'till you choak,
 And fill with punch, and not with smoke.
 Mean while, to prove my honest heart,
 Step down direct and take a quart.

Kent.

Poor

POOR DICK. *A Tale.*

AS *Richard* walk'd with *Peggy* hand in hand,
Reason cou'd scarce their fierce desires command ;

His wishing eyes did his fond longings tell,
Her breast, with equal longing rose and fell.
Peggy was bashful, *Richard* was too slow,
Both long'd to tell their wish, but knew not how.
In trembling accents *Richard* thus began,
Peggy, your beauty has my peace undone ;
Where e'er I go, you still are in my mind,
No other thought can there admittance find ;
Or thrashing here, or praying in the pew,
Your image does my scatter'd thoughts pursue.
He said, and blushing turn'd his face away,
To hear what *Peggy* in return would say ;
Who was o'erjoy'd to hear the swain so kind,
And was resolv'd she would not lag behind.
Richard, said she,

I've often thought your hands were softer much
Than any swains that I did ever touch :
Your pleasant eyes with greater lustre shine,
And cherry cheeks, and whitest teeth are thine ;
Your shining hair in gayer ringlets flows,
And ev'ry feature still superior shews.
O'erjoy'd the shepherd kiss'd the lovely maid,
Which she with wanton eagerness repaid.
A kiss, good gods ! which might the coldest fire,
And raise in wintry age a young desire.

But

But he who never knew the like before,
 Broke into vile abuse, and call'd her whore;
 To heaving fell, and wiping of his mouth,
 And often swore the kiss was quite uncouth.
Peggy, who found her kindness thus abus'd,
 Of weak stupidity the swain accus'd;
 Shew'd him his folly, and her kind intent,
 And blushing told him what that softness meant;
Richard, with tears, his folly did repent,
 And try'd each art the damsel to content,
 But all in vain, *Peggy* would ne'er relent;
 Enrag'd she swore, she would revenge the trick,
 So sent him packing with an — *Ab poor Dick!*

The LIAR; an Heroic Tale.

REmote from cities, in a country town,
 There lived an honest, but an hapless clown,
 Hapless indeed! for if report is true,
 Th' unhappy man was wedded to a shrew.
 And, what perplex'd the ill-fated spouse the more,
 He fear'd from reason, that she was a w——.
 How hard his lot! who thus a wife doth wed,
 At once to stun his ears, and load his head!
 How many worthy heads deserve our pity!
 But custom smotherers evils in the city.

But to our tale——. The muse each name contrives,
 The husband's *Jasper*, *Dorcas* was the wife's.
 Each day gallants came swarming to his house,
 Each day she riots her un-answ'ring spouse;

Who feels he suffers by th'unruly dame,
 At home in substance, and abroad in fame;
 He strives to guard his honour, and his cost;
 But gentle admonition is but lost;
 Good words he finds, are thrown away in vain,
 Then bad he uses, but gets bad again.
 Now fully bent to stop this growing evil,
 He plots to undermine this wily devil;
 Each lover at th'accustom'd hour he watches,
 Fix'd to dismember ev'ry one he catches.
 Fruitless resolve! His business he neglects,
 And strives in vain to trace the wary sex.
 She sends to each gallant her private reasons,
 Why love must be deferr'd to proper seasons.
 Thus all the husband's labour'd scheme's disjointed,
 And thus his cunning aims are disappointed.
 Yet so it is, that time or chance, betrays
 A hundred luckless things a hundred ways.

'Twas on a day when business call'd the clown
 Twenty long miles to distant market town.

Abroad he goes at early morning light,
 And bids her not expect him home at night.

Dorcas cou'd never slip so fair occasion,

But sends a kind gallant an invitation.

He comes, he treats, when she for fresh delight,

Dismiss'd one lover, for a fresh at night.

Mean time jogg'd *Jasper*, on his hobbling jade

A second *Rosinante*, sorry steed!

Against whose sides the spur full oft was play'd,

And cross his buttocks' lash repeated laid.

But e'er on's journey he had rode half way,

Tir'd on the road the panting courser lay;

His

His easy amble having quite forgot,
 Nor lash could make him re-assume his trot;
 Here then he leaves him not too good to lose,
 And then his journey on his feet pursues.
 Now *Jasper* was on neighbour's errand sent,
 To pay his landlord certain sums of rent:
 Full fifteen pounds were in his pocket told,
 No matter which, in silver or in gold.
 True, says the proverb, as myself have known,
 That seldom one misfortune comes alone.
 'Twas so with *Jasper*. Scarce his horse was spent,
 But robbers came, and robb'd him of his rent.
 He wou'd have fought, but thinking, as I'm told,
 His bones where his, and that was not the gold;
 He gave it calmly up, nor further car'd;
 But homeward somewhat pensive back repair'd.
 Thus as he travell'd dusky night came on,
 Or dark it was, or lighted by the moon.
 But to the muse indulgent pardon show,
 She cannot tell you what she does not know:
 But this we'er told, that e'er he reach'd his home,
 The doleful midnight hour of twelve was come:
 Much he's surpriz'd, at such a time to catch
 The door unbolted, shutting on the latch.
Dorcas too busy with her lover's charms,
 Ne'er thought of doors, but slept within his arms.
 Now fell suspicious dart in *Jasper's* brain,
 Tho' glad so opportune he's home again.
 He creeps, and listens at the chamber door,
 And over hears two sleeping noses snore.
 Then from his pocket drew a swinging knife,
 Resolv'd to stab the lover, or his wife.

But stopt to think before he ventur'd on,
 If ought could better in the case be done.
 Now fear usurp'd a place in *Jasper's* breast,
 And thus returning reason doth suggest:
 Suppose I reek my vengeance, then may I
 Perhaps for murder on the gallows die;
 Or on the lover only, then my wife
 Would sooner take away than spare my life.
 Or if on both, I know not how to doubt
 That proverb, *murder some odd time will out*.
 Thus reas'ning, vengeance he deferr'd till morn,
 Softly retir'd, and stroak'd each budding horn.
 At neighbour's house he spends the latter night,
 Home to return before the morning light.
 At early day he thunders at the door,
 But the gallant was ris'n, and gone before.
 From her soft sleep the treach'rous *Dorcas* wakes,
 And thro' the broken pane in casement, speaks;
 As tho' so chaste in th' absence of her spouse
 She could admit no soul into the house.
Who's at the door? Pray tell me who you are?
 'Tis I, quoth *Jasper*, I your husband dear.
 Then up she gets, seems glad that he is come.
 And with a *Judas* kiss he's welcom'd home.
Jasper most men in temper did excel,
 But when provok'd could wield his cudgel well.
 Enrag'd to see his spouse's treachery,
 Cries, *Dorcas*, who to-night did with you lie?
 None, jealous monster, with a tofs she cries,
 And all her temper lightens in her eyes;
 Alas! cries *Jas.* (regardless of her brow)
 My loving, faithful wife, I've caught you now.

Thus

Thus fully bent for taming of the firew,
 His words were scarce precedent to a blow.
 In's hand he held a knotted taper crab,
 With which he smartly laid the jilting drab.
 Aloud she bawl'd, and begg'd him to refrain,
 But still he lash'd, and still, she begg'd in vain:
 When as it happ'd, in middle of the fray,
 A brother clown (who chanc'd to pass that way)
Ben was his name, came in to part the strife.
 And ask'd why *Jasper*, thus abus'd his wife?
 Why! *Ben*, cries *Jasper*, dos't thou ask me why?
 Then lash'd again: I've caught her in a lie.
 Is lying then alone, quoth *Ben*, the cause?
 Of all this noise, and wond'rous waste of blows?
 No not alone, quoth *Jasper*, honest *Ben*,
 It is because she lies——with *other men*.

P U D D I N G.

ROTOUND or oval, in whatever form
 My jocund eyes thy pleasing presence meet;
 Hail, bounteous pudding hot, or cold, all hail!
 Whether my blue-ey'd *Kate*, with lily hand,
 In simple neatness eminent, whose smile
 Is love ineffable, into thy lap
 Infuseth store of eggs, and spicy sweets,
 Whose fragrance is inferior to herself;
 Or whether *Joan* in woolly vestment clad,
 Dwelling in straw thatch'd cot, with busy glee
 Thy composition kneads, and fills thy cave
 With golden pomes profuse, or leaves thee coarse,

Of suet, butter, and aught else devoid
 Tending to flavour, serv'd in wooden bowl;
 Oh! welcome thou, mine appetites best guest;
 Whether the oven's heat embrowns thy crust,
 With sugar frosted, crumbling at the touch;
 Or whether thou in ragged clout enwrap'd
 Hast felt the boiling tempest of the pot.
 But chiefly come, and deck my humble cloth,
 With all the rich magnificence of plumbs
 Array'd most gorgeously, whilst down thy sides
 Hot melted butter rolls its golden wave
 As amorous of thy charms. Here might the sons
 Of luxury, depraved look on with eyes
 That envy'd while they gaz'd. Give me but this,
 And let the bloated Alderman devour
 Turtle, that boasts diversity of food,
 And rarest dainties, still more dainty made,
 By being tortur'd from their native taste.
 I shall not grudge their feast. Be pudding mine,
 And I can pass yon celebrated stall,
 Where the firm salmon tempts the greedy eye
 Of gaping passenger, and where the trout,
 And ruddy prawn lie swelling on the sight,
 "Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind."

MONEY.

MONEY. *A Fragment.**Put Money in thy Purse.*

SHAKESPEARE.

WELL—of all plagues that ruffle man's repose.
Guard me from poverty, and thread-bare
cloaths.

To * *Walter Mitchell* rather let me go,
And try on credit to commence a beau,
Rather than live the riddle and the jest
Of ev'ry jessamy that's better drest.
Thrice happy youth; whom no foul rags debase,
Whose powder'd hair no unlac'd hats disgrace,
Who shift's his ruffled linen once a day,
Nor from his washer-woman sneaks away;
Who takes his purse out with important air,
And views an independant guinea there.
He to his ardent love shall win the fair,
From beauty's queen, to her who scrubs the stair,
From the kept mistress, or the countess vain,
Down to the tawdry minx in *Drury-lane*.
For gold the lawyer pleads in wrangling court,
Peruses modern and antique reports.
Here swells his shelf with *Littleton* the great;
In golden capitals *Coke* shines complete.
Here *Salkeld* sleeps, with *Ventris* at his side,
'Midst printed forms, and manuscripts unty'd.
There with brass clasps stand year-books strongly fet-
ter'd,
And there *Giles Jacob* neatly bound and letter'd.

* An advertising Taylor.

'Tis.

'Tis here, impell'd with eager thirst of gain,
 The sage grows wiser, and recruits his brain;
 Cons each black-letter'd statute o'er and o'er,
 From *Magna Charta* to the present hour,
 Sees knotty matter, and begins to doubt it
 And thinks, poor soul! about it and about it.
 Then with a tie immense, and brief in hand,
 Hall-war'd in term he rolls along the strand;
 And seems (so deep he ponders o'er his cause)
 A huge important folio of the laws.
 Not so the little student, spruce and clean,
 Of simp'ring gravity, and double mein,
 Just turn'd of boy, and newly vers'd in wiles,
 Inclining now to frowns, and now to smiles.
 Beneath an ample wig he tucks his hair;
 If dry, he walks, if wet he calls a chair.
 Lo! where his footman trudges up and down,
 And brings him fees that were before his own;
 By previous order useless briefs presents,
 Scrawl'd o'er with lines, and marginal comments:
 Or peradventure their outsides begin,
 Armstrong *vers.* Weakly, *ex demise* of Wynn, }
 Whilst all's one universal blank within.
 Go on brave youth! for half the world is sway'd
 By superficial pomp, and bold parade,
 For gold his courtly lay *Museus* breaths,
 And culls each garland for poetic wreaths.
 Hence springs the flatt'ry of a birth-night ode,
 The quick-wrote pamphlet, and long labour'd code.
 Hence tend the labours of the Grub-street muse,
 And the *Sal Atticum* of Critical Reviews.

An Epistle from TOM to NEL.

LET others view the lilly's humble pride,
 And praise the Rose bud blushing by its side;
 To this compare the glow of *Fanny's* cheek,
 To that the whiteness of *Louisa's* neck;
 I too have been where humble lillies grow,
 Where shoot carnations, and where roses blow.
 Yet, tho' the types of beauty, what are these?
 Have they like thee, my fair, the pow'r to please?
 Oh! sweeter thou than blossoms of a pea.
 Fairer than bough-pots in the month of *May*.
 I will not say thy eyes eclipse the sun,
 Or call them stars as other bards have done.
 I will not say, because thy lips are red,
 That they are coral — that's a joke indeed;
 Nor yet, because thy head has yellow hair,
 Proclaim that thou hast golden tresses there.
 I think they call it *Metaphor* — but why
 Should the same *Metaphor* import a lie?
 Oh! would'st thou condescend to be my bride,
 I'd give thee gowns, and something else beside,
 One plate should feed us, and one bed should hold,
 But ah! I fear thy heart as ice is cold.
 Why will thou cast on *John* a tender eye?
 Thy presence yields no joy when he is by.
 Is it to mock me with ideal bliss,
 Because I now and then give *Sal* a kiss?
 Believe me, *Nel* — I swear by mighty Jove,
 I kiss her out of fun, but thee for love.

What

What shall I say thy stubborn mind to bend?
 Thou queen, on whom my hopes of life depend?
 Each fragrant kiss of thy delicious lip
 To me is nutmeg all, and orange-chip.
 Thou art my rich conserve, my lovely *Nelly*,
 My barley-sugar too, and hartshorn jelly.
 Like any silver buckle shines thy face,
 And each new tucker gives thy bosom grace.
 Thine eyes are bright as sparkle in a ring,
 Thy breath's as sweet as primrose in the spring.
 Then come my *Nel* — I love no maid but you,
 Nor shall thou ever find my vows untrue.
 Thy lips I'll kiss, and thou shall hug my waist,
 Like as the hop-bine to the pole clings fast.
 Then let us taste while in our prime we live,
 Those joys, which love alone can take and give.

A L A M O D E.

MY better self, my heav'n, my joy!
 While thus in paradise I lie,
 Transported in thy circling arms
 With fresh variety of charms,
 From fate I scarce can think to crave
 A bliss, for what in thee I have.
 Twelve months, my dear, are past since thou
 Didst plight to me thy virgin vow.
 Twelve months in rapture spent, for they
 Seem shorter than St. *Lucy's* day:
 A bright example we shall prove
 Of lasting matrimonial love.

Mean

Mean while, I beg the gods to grant
 (The only favour that I want)
 That I may not survive to see
 My happiness expire in thee.
 O! should I lose my dearest dear,
 By thee, and all that's good I swear,
 To give myself the fatal blow,
 And waft thee to the world below.

While *Wheedle* thus to spouse in bed,
 Spoke the best things he e'er had read.
 Madam (surpriz'd you must suppose it)
 Had lock'd a *Templar* in the closet;
 A youth of pregnant parts and worth,
 To play at *Piquet*—and—so forth——
 'This wag, when he had heard the whole,
 Demurely to the curtains stole;
 And peeping in, with solemn tone,
 "Cry'd out, "O man! thy days are done;
 "The gods are fearful of the worst,
 "And send me *Death*, to fetch thee first,
 "To save their fav'rite from self-murder:
 "Lo! thus I execute my order."
 Hold, Sir, for second thoughts are best,
 The husband cry'd; 'tis my request,
 With pleasure to prolong my life——,
 Your meaning?—Pray, Sir, take my wife.

W O M E N *the best Politicians.*

O N E night plump *Sue*, and coachman *Ned*,
 A bargain struck in haste to wed,
 A crown was stak'd, the pair consented
 To lose the'r pledge who first repented.

Time

Time for the matrimonial farce,
 To-morrow comes — *Ned* hangs an a—se.
 Of bad the best poor *Suky* makes,
 And angry claims his forfeit stakes.
Ned frankly paid it as agreed,
 Of a worse bargain to be freed;
 Quoth he — *thou'rt welcome on my life,*
A cheap divorcement from a wife.
 The crafty quean, who feign'd a while,
 Soon answer'd with a sneering smile:
Ah fool! 'tis well you first relented,
I'd lost had you but seem'd contented;
Gladly your freedom I'll restore,
One shilling spent and pocket four.

Ladies, lay *Ovid's* rules apart,
 In love learn thriftier *Susan's* art.

W O M A N ' S Resolution.

O CRY'D *Arsenia*, long in wedlock bless'd,
 Her head reclining on her husband's breast,
 Should death divide thee from thy doating wife,
 What comfort could be found in widow'd life?
 How the thought shakes me! Heaven my *Strepson*
 save!

Or give the lost *Arsenia* half his grave!

Jove heard the lovely mourner, and approv'd,
 And should not wives, said he, like this be lov'd,
 Take the soft sorrower at her word, and try
 How firmly rooted female truth can lie.

'Twas

"Twas said and done; the tender *Strepsondy'd*
Arsenia two long months t'out live him try'd,
 But in the *third*—alas—became a bride. }

A RECIPE to make a MAN of CONSEQUENCE.

A BROW austere, a circumspective eye,
 A frequent shrug of the *Os Humeri*,
 A nod significant, a stately gait,
 A blust'ring manner, and a tone of weight,
 A smile sarcastic, an expressive stare——
 Adapt all these, as time and place will bear.
 Then rest assur'd, that those of equal sense,
 Will deem you, Sir, *a Man of Consequence*.

A modern Pastoral Courtship.

I N vain shall critics, wits, or beaux,
 Their want of sense in songs expose;
 In vain shall spruce good natur'd cits,
 In wigs of taste, set up for wits;
 In senseless rhimes, and dying strains,
 To sing of love and darts, and pains,
 Of cruel nymphs, and bleeding swains.
 Dull wretches! only taught to smatter,
 And murder copies drawn from nature; }

The

Tho' love's a god, 'tis long ago
 He us'd to ramble here below ;
 Since when, each nymph's as great a queen as
 E'er was his jilting mother *Venus* ;
 Each swain's a dull illit'rate plowman,
 Nor sighs, nor dies for any woman.
 Tho' antient bards their scenes do lay,
 In plains of fair *Arcadia*.
 Must we take *Bedfordshire* to be
 A flow'ry plain in *Italy* ?
 Or write *Clarissa*, or *Lucette*,
 For what in fact is *Mol* or *Betty* ?
 No, —if in these degenerate days,
 The world is sunk to viler ways ;
 Let's put no face on a bad matter,
 To make our circumstances better,
 But still exactly follow nature.

In country vill of little note,
 From *London's* noisy town remote,
 Two farmers, both full rich in health,
 And all the village was their wealth.
 Their houses, barns, and acres join'd,
 As mutual interest inclin'd ;
 For both where happy in an equal mind,
 Each kept his nag, and each his team,
 And weekly each to market came,
 To *Dunstable*, a town of fame.
 The one a rosy daughter had,
 The other's blessing was a lad ;
 Well made he was, of stature thick,
 His age was twenty, and his name was *Dick*.
 He was a loon well skill'd and knowing
 In the arts of reaping and of mowing ;

And

And none than him could better know
 To wield a flail, or hold the plough ;
 At mart he'd haggle for a farthing,
 And none could beat him at a bargain.
 Besides these qualities, he had many
 To save his father's ready penny :
 For having read, (as 'gainst his need
Dick, when a boy, had learn'd to read)
 One doctor, what dy'call um's treatise,
 He knew the whole sow-gelder's thesis ;
 Cou'd bleed a horse, or ring a sow,
 Or cure the sickness of a cow :
 And when th'infection spread the nation,
 Sav'd all about from the contagion ;
 Could e'en in rainy weather keep
 The murrain from among the sheep :
 Do all these things tho' *Richard* cou'd,
 The girl was in her way as good ;
 A light young house-wife, neat and clean,
 Her name was *Mol*, her age fifteen ;
 She'd cook to nicety a dish
 Of roast, or boil'd, or fowl or fish :
 Full well cou'd brew, as well cou'd bake,
 Could elder-wine or cyder make :
 And ne'er a las so good as *Mary*,
 To make new cheese, or keep a dairy ;
 At market too, it is confess'd,
 She sold her eggs and butter best ;
 Could too, when e're the case was urgent
 Perform the business of a surgeon ;
 Could make a julep for the phthisick,
 Or boil a purge by way of physick ;

She

She had a falve was sure to cure
 Kib'd heels, or any kind of sore;
 She gave her patients prunes or sago;
 And had a secret for the ague;
 Which from her great, great grand-mother,
 Had now descended down to her;
 Besides, she kept for every end,
 All, modern empirics can vend;
 All box'd, or bottled up most safely,
 Of *Greenough*, *Godfrey*, or of *Doffy*;
 The black sheeps-turds of *Anderson*,
 Or balsom stale of *Turlington*:
 All which she gave most gen'rously
 To taskers wives that could not buy.

The good old folks had long agreed,
 This couple should each other wed;
 And think that now their age would do,
 'Twas time they had begun to woo;
 And rightly both conceiv'd the son
 Should to the daughter be set on;
 That first the man should with the maid,
 Tho' last he gains the bridal bed.
Dick, quoth the father, ods my life!
 My boy, what say'st thou to a wife?
 Hold up your head, as I'm alive,
 You're like a man of twenty-five.
 Nay, Veather, do not count so fast,
 For my share I'm in no such haste,
 Quoth *Dick*; but let us reckon fair;
 Next grafs our jolting crop-ear'd mare
 Is one and twenty; now dy'e see
 That I am just as old as she;

Tho'

Tho' for a wife, if you think well,
 And I should hap to like the girl,
 Egad, tho' I'm in no great hurry,
 I don't care much if I shou'd marry.
How! like her Dick! Why, what do'st say,
To black-ey'd Molly o'er the way?
 Humph! she may do; but how do'st know
 Whether she may like me or no?
Why Dick, it is in vain to guess,
A woman by appearances;
So dress yourself up clean and tight,
And go and ask her that to night.
 Nay, hold ye, hold ye, patience, Veather,
 I'se not in so much hurry neither;
 We'll, put it off another day,
 I'll call—I often go that way.
 Next week, as *Dick* from market came,
 Whistling along aside his team;
 I'th' yard young *Molly* milking sat,
 He stopt, and leaning o'er the gate,
 Cries out aloud, Ho! *Mary!* pray,
 Would'st have me for a husband? Hey?
 The maid ne'er courted in such guise,
 As loud unto the clown replies,
 I have you, simple, *Richard?* No——
 Then *gee up Dobbin*, we must go,
 Quoth *Dick*; then whips his team along,
 And recreates them with a song;
 Nor love can give a moment's smart,
 Nor disappointment break his heart.

GILES and JOAN.

WHO says that *Giles* and *Joan* at discord be?
Th'observing neighbour's no such mood can
see.

Indeed poor *Giles* repents he married ever;
But that his *Joan* doth too; and *Giles* would never
By his free will be in *Joan*'s company;
No more would *Joan* he should: *Giles* riseth early:
And having got him out of doors is glad;
The like is *Joan*: But turning home is sad;
And so is *Joan*: Oft times when *Giles* doth find
Harsh fights, *Giles* wishes he were blind:
All this doth *Joan*: Or, that his long-earn'd life,
Were quite out-spun: The like wish hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, *Giles* swares are none
Of his begetting; also so swares *Joan*:
In all affection she concurrereth still;
If now with man and wife to do and will
The self same thing's, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree.

The CAXON.

FOR once I dare to touch the sounding harp,
And tune the *Caxon*'s praise, nor let the beau
With *Sunday* tunic, and bag-wig elate
The subject disapprove; for crown'd with this,

And

And snow-white shirt, and shilling blest'd,
 I too can strut, and sip my coffee down,
 And mingle in the *Mall* without a blush.
 What! shall my spirits droop, because my pate
 With all the pomp that bushy hair can boast,
 Is not surrounded! such as busy child
 Of lordly physic oft presumes to wear,
 Index of knowledge, and of thought profound!
 Nor yet, my brain grow sick, because the tye
 Of barrister loquacious is not mine.
 Be't his to triumph in the powder'd badge
 Of consequence external; spoil'd of this,
 Ah! with what languid spirits would he plead!
 Or should he travel to the utmost verge
 Of rhet'rick's maze, multiloquous beyond
 A modern daring, or beyond the steps
 Of that fam'd orator, who shone the sun
 Of eloquence divine, and with its rays
 Expanding wide, illum'd the Roman age.
 What plaudit would he draw if *cutt* or *scratch*
 Debass'd his temples, and his cheeks expos'd?
 But' tho' the stately tye such honour beams
 Round semi-circled noddle; tho' the cue
 Delights the prigg, nor less the silken bag
 Has pow'r to charm, the *Caxon* still I prize,
 For those require the wearer's nicest care;
 The sport of ev'ry wind, and ev'ry drop
 Of piercing rain, and flakes of airy snow
 To fluid crystals melting; and when night
 Invites him to repose, then must they rest,
 Or pendent on a peg, or soft reclin'd
 Within the concave of inclosing box,

Else

Else all their fine oeconomy is lost.
 Such caution does my *Caxon* never ask
 At all times uniform, whether on floor
 Or urinal it lies, or 'gainst the cobweb wall
 It hangs devoid of state, or whether *Pugg*
 In dust hole drags it for an easy bed ;
 Or chance may throw it careless in the street,
 To mingle with the *Chaos* of a dunghill.
 Nor does this stranger to the comb of taste
 Demand or oil, or powder — need I tell
 How, when I regulate its rumpled form,
 I dash it on a post with stroke oblique,
 Or full direct upon a table's verge.
 Need I recite the dangers it hath past,
 How yet it reigns secure ; or to the world
 Need I proclaim (when dress-enraptur'd beau,
 Fashion's apprentice, affectation's child,
 In bag-wig glory struts) how droll he looks,
 As laughing ev'ry flutt'ring fop to scorn.
 Let not the Justice, whose *Idea-pot*
 Incircling curls keep warm, the *Caxon* spurn ;
 For many a wit, and philosophic sage
 Beneath its roof darts forth the pointed jest,
 Or wrapt in silence meditates the stars.
 But when in thought profound they place its form
 Transverse, or twirl it staring o'er the front
 In wide projection, then the laugh it moves ;
 Like as I've seen, with pleasure often seen,
 Droll *Howard*, when he screws his comic phyz,
 And rolls his eye-balls to the lively song.
 The bob shall fade away, the major's lock
 Shall drop its curl, and scratches shrink in wear,
 But thou, my *Caxon*, thou shalt be the same

Unhurt

Unhurt, tho' *Sirius* whirl his carr of fire
 Thro' summer's faint domain, and on thy bard
 Dart heat intolerable — yet unhurt
 Tho' *Boreas* rave, and winter weep the loss
 Of absent autumn, as my temple feel
 The copious tears descending from his eye.

The Knighthood of Sir LOIN.

AS once returning from the chace,
 The second *Charles*, the merry king,
 The glories of whose sacred race
 The muse shall ever love to sing.

Now wearied with the sport he lov'd,
 And faint with toil, and faint with heat,
 Dejected look'd, and slowly mov'd,
 And long'd to rest, and long'd to eat.

Sudden before his wand'ring eyes
 A banquet unexpected stood;
 The monarch gaz'd with glad surprize,
 And 'gan to taste the welcome food.

Proud of his lov'd, his royal guest,
 The noble host, a gallant lord,
 With various dainties grac'd the feast,
 And gay profusion crown'd the board.

But high above the rest appear'd
 The hungry *Briton's* old relief,

H

Its

Its mighty bulk exalting rear'd
The yet unhonour'd loin of beef.

With ravish'd eye the king beheld,
Eat as he ne'er had eat before;
Too soon the rage of hunger quell'd,
And griev'd that he could eat no more.

But soon with mighty spirits gay,
Such as alone from beef could spring,
The mighty pleasure to repay,
Aloud proclaim'd the enraptur'd king;

Be thou for ever lov'd, and great,
As my delight, be thy just fame;
Thy praises e'ry tongue repeat,
And SIR eternal grace thy name.

He said, and drew the royal sword:
Th' applauding croud uprose around,
SIR LOIN with acclamations roar'd,
And distant ecchoes catch the sound.

The PIG. A TALE.

SOME husbands, on a winter-day,
Were met to laugh their spleen away;
As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
They praise their consort's to the skies.
Obedient wives are feldom known,
Yet all could answer for their own,

Acknowledg'd

Acknowledg'd each as sovereign lord,
 Abroad, at home, in deed, and word,
 In short as absolute their reign, as
 Grand Seignior's over his Sultanas.
 For pride, or shame to be out done,
 All join'd in the discourse but one.
 Who, vex'd so many lies to hear,
 Thus stopt their arrogant career.

'Tis mighty strange, Sirs, what you say,
 What! all so absolutely sway?
 In *England!* where *Italians* wise
 Have plac'd the womens paradise?
 In *London!* where the sex's flower
 Have of that *Eden* fix'd the bower.
 Fie! men of sense to be so vain,
 You're not in *Turkey*, nor in *Spain*,
 True *Britons* all; I'll lay my life,
 None here is master of his wife.

'These words the general fury rouse,
 And all the common cause espouse;
 Till one with voice superior said,
 (Whose lungs where sounder than his head)
 I'll send my footman instant home,
 To bid his mistress hither come;
 And if she flies not at my call,
 'To own my pow'r before you all,
 I'll grant I'm hen-peck'd, if you please,
 As *Sherlock*, or as *Socrates*.

Hold there — replys the objector fly,
 Prove first that women never lie;
 Else words are wind — to tell you true,
 I credit neither them nor you;

No, we'll be judg'd a surer way,
 By what they do, not what they say.
 I'll hold you sev'rally that boast,
 A supper at the loser's cost,
 That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
 A trick I'll tell you by and by;
 Send strait for ev'ry wife quite round,
 One mother's daughter is not found,
 But what before her husband's face,
 Point blank his orders disobey;
 To this they one and all consent,
 The wager's laid, the summon's went.

Mean while he this instruction gives,
 Pray only gravely tell your wives,
 Your will and pleasure is t'invite
 These friends to a boil'd Pig at night.
 The commoner the trick has been,
 The greater chance you have to win;
 The treat is mine if they refuse,
 But if they boil it then I lose.

The first to whom the message came,
 Was a well born and haughty dame;
 A saucy independent she,
 With jointure and with pin-money,
 Secur'd by marriage deeds from wants,
 Without a separate maintainance.
 Her loftiness disdain'd to hear
 Half through her husband's messenger.
 But cut him short with, How dare he,
 'Mong pot companions mention me.
 He knows his way (if sober) home,
 And if he wants me, let him come. —

This

This answer hastily return'd,
 Pleas'd all but him whom it concern'd,
 For each one thought his wife on trial,
 Wou'd brighter shine by this denial.

The second was a lady gay,
 Who lov'd to visit, dress and play,
 To spark it in the box or ring,
 And dance on birth-nights for the king;
 Whose head was busy wont to be,
 With something else than cookery.
 She hearing of her husband's name,
 Tho' much a gentlewoman, came;
 When half inform'd of his request,
 A dish, as he desir'd it, dress'd, —
 Quoth, madam, with a serious face,
 (Without enquiring what it was)
 You can't sure for an answer look, —
 Sir, do you take me for your cook?
 But I must haste a friend to see,
 Who stays my coming for her tea.
 So said, that minute out she flew —
 What could the slighted husband do?
 His wager lost, must needs appear;
 For none obey that will not hear.

The next, for housewifery renown'd,
 A woman notable was own'd,
 Who hated idleness and airs,
 And minded family affairs;
 Expert in ev'ry thing was she,
 At needle work or surgery:
 Fam'd for her liquors far and near,
 From richest cordials to small beer;

To serve a feast she understood,
 In *English*, or in foreign mode.
 Whate're the wanton taste could chuse,
 In kickshaws, fauces, or ragoes,
 She spar'd for neither cost nor pain,
 Her welcome guest to entertain.
 Her husband fair accosts her thus :
 To night these friends will sup with us.
 She answer'd with a smile, my dear,
 Your friends are always welcome here.
 — But we desire a Pig, and pray,
 You'll boil it; — boil it! did you say?
 I hope you'll give me leave to know
 My business better, Sir, than so.
 Why ne'er in any book was yet
 Found such a whimsical receipt :
 My dressing none need be afraid of,
 But such a dish was never heard of.
 I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,
 Let those who know no better spoil it.
 — Her husband cry'd, for all my boast,
 I own the wager fairly lost.
 And other wives, besides my Love,
 Or, I'm mistaken much, may prove,
 As chargeable as this to me,
 To shew their pride in housewifry.
 Now the poor wretch that next him sat,
 Felt his own heart go pit a pat :
 For well he knew his spouse's way,
 Her spirit brook'd not to obey ;
 And never yet was in the wrong —
 He told her with a trembling tongue,

Where,

Where, and on what his friends would feast,
 And how the dainty should be dress'd.
 To-night, quoth (in a passion) she?
 No, Sir, to-night it cannot be:
 And was it a boil'd Pig, you said?
 You and your friends sure are not mad.
 The kitchen is the proper sphere,
 Where none but females should appear;
 And cooks their orders, by your leave,
 Always from mistresses receive.
 Boil it——Was ever such an ass?
 I pray, What wou'd you have for sauce?
 If any servant in my pay
 Dare dress a Pig that silly way,
 In spite of any whim of yours,
 I'll turn her quickly out of doors;
 For no such thing (nay never frown)
 While I am mistress, shall be done.
 Each woman wife her husband rules;
 Passive obedience is for fools.

This case was quickly judg'd; behold!
 A fair one of a softer mould;
 Good humour sparkled in her eye,
 And unaffected pleasantry:
 So mild and sweet she enter'd in,
 Her spouse thought certainly to win:
 (Pity such golden hopes should fail)
 Soon as she heard th'appointed tale,
 My dear, I know not, I protest,
 Whether in earnest or in jest,
 So strange a supper you demand,
 Howe'er, I'll not disputing stand,

But do it freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever woman did it.

This cause, by general consent,
Was lost for want of precedent.
Thus each deny'd a several way,
But all agreed to disobey.

One only dame did yet remain;
Who down right honest was and plain.
If now and then her voice she tries,
'Tis not for rule, but exercise.
Un-us'd her lord's commands to flight,
Yet sometimes pleaded for her right.
She made her little wisdom go,
Farther than wiser women do.
Her husband tells her, looking grave;
A roasting Pig—I boil'd wou'd have;
And to prevent all pro and con,
I must insist to have it done.
Said she, my dearest, should your wife,
Get a nick-name to last for life?
If you resolve to spoil it do;
But then I hope you'll eat it too.
For tho' 'tis boil'd, to hinder squabble
I shall not, will not sit at table.
She spoke, and her good man alone,
Found he had neither lost nor won.
So fairly parted stakes. The rest
Fell on the wag that caus'd the jest.
"Would your wife boil it? Let us see."
Hold there; you did not lay with me.
You'll find in spite of all you've boasted,
Your Pigs are fatted to be roasted.

The

The wager's lost, no more contend,
 But take this counsel from a friend.
 Boast not your empires, if you prize it;
 For happiest he who never tries it.
 Wives unprovoked best obey,
 And that you'll find the safest way.
 But if your dear once takes the field,
 Resolve at first to win or yield;
 For heav'n no medium ever gave,
 Between a sovereign and a slave.

COLIN and LUCY.

ON the banks of that crystalline stream,
 Where *Thames* oft his current delays,
 And charms more than poets can dream,
 In his *Richmond's* bright villa surveys.

Fair *Lucy* of all the gay throng,
 The fairest that *Britain* has seen;
 Now draws ev'ry village along,
 From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond pow'r;
 For short is the triumph, ye fair!
 Not fleeter's the bloom of each flow'r;
 And hope is but gilded despair.

His desire each shepherd, behold,
 By riches endeavours to prove;

But *Lucy* still cries, what is gold?
Or wealth, when compared to love?

No, *Colin*, together we'll wield,
Our scies in summer's bright day;
Together we'll leaze o'er the field,
And smile all our labours away!

In winter I'll winnow the wheat,
As it falls, from your flail on the ground;
That flail will be music (as sweet)
When your voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft would he speak of his blifs!
How oft would he call her *sweet maid*!
How oft would he seal with a kiss,
Ev'ry promise, and vow that he made.

But hark! o'er the grass-level land,
The village bells found on the plain;
False *Colin* this morn gave his hand,
And *Lucy's* fond tears are in vain.

Sad *Lucy* too soon heard the tale,
Too soon the sad cause she was told;
That his was a nymph of the vale,
That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green.
That befringes the clear river's side.
How oft was she languishing seen?
How oft would she gaze on the tide?

By the bright mirror then as she sat,
That reflected herself, and the mead,
A while she bewail'd her sad fate,
And the green turf still pillow'd her head.

There! there! is it *Lucy* I see?
'Tis *Lucy* the lost, undone maid!
Ah! no, — 'tis some *Lucy* like me —
Some hapless, young virgin betray'd.

Like me! she has sorrow'd and wept;
Like me! she has fondly believ'd;
Like me! her true promise she kept;
And *like me* too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come! dear companion in grief;
Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu!
I come, and will gather relief
From bosoms so chaste, and so true.

Like you I have mourn'd the long night,
And wept out the day in despair;
Like you I have banish'd delight,
And *bosom'd* a friend in my care.

Ye meadows, so lively, farewell,
Your velvet still *Colin* shall tread;
And deaf to the sound of that knell,
Which tolls for his *Lucy* when dead.

Your wish will, too sure, be obey'd!
Nor *Colin* her loss shall bemoan;

Soon, soon, shall poor *Lucy* be laid,
Where her heart shall be *cold* as your own.

Then twin'd in the arms of that fair,
Whose wealth has been *Lucy's* sad fate !
As together you breath the free air,
And a thousand dear pleasures relate.

If chance, o'er my turf as you tread,
And dare to affect a fond sigh ;
The primrose will shrink her pale head,
And the violets languish and die.

Ah ! weep not, fond maid, 'tis in vain,
Like the tear which you lend to the stream ;
Tears are lost in that watery plain,
And sighs are all lost upon him.

Scarce *Echo* had gather'd the sound,
But she sprung from the grass-springing beds
The liquid stream parts to the ground,
And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve,
Oft meet at the dark spreading yew,
There, wonder how man could deceive,
A bosom so chaste, and so true.

With garlands of every flower,
Which *Lucy* herself should have made,
They raise up a short-living bow'r,
And, sighing, cry ! *Peace to her shade.*

Then

Then hand-lock'd-in-hand as they move,
 The green-plat and hillock around,
 They talk of sad *Lucy* and love,
 And freshen with tears the sad ground.

Nay! wish they had never been born,
 Or liv'd the sad moment to view;
 When a *Colin* could thus be forsworn,
 And a *Lucy* could still be so true.

*Mrs. ABIGAIL and the dumb
 Waiter. A Fable.*

WITH frowning brow, and aspect low'ring;
 As *Abigail* one day was scouring,
 From chair to chair she pass'd along,
 Without soliloquy or song.
 Content in hum drum mood t'adjust
 Her matters, and disperse the dust——
 Thus plodded on the fullen fair,
 'Till a Dumb-waiter claim'd her care,
 She then in rage, with shrill salute,
 Bespoke the inoffensive mute:
 • Thou stupid fool of vap'rish asses,
 • With thy brown shelves for pots and glasses,
 • Thou foreign whirligig, for whom
 • Us honest folks must quit the room,
 • And like young misses at a christ'ning,
 • Are forc'd to be content with listn'ing,

• Tho'

- Tho' thou'rt a fav'rite of my master's,
- I'll set thee gadding on thy castors.'

This said—with many a rough attack,
 She scrubb'd him till she made him crack.
 Insulted stronger still and stronger,
 The poor dumb thing could hold no longer——.

- Thou drab, born mops and brooms to handle,
 - Thou haberdasher of *small* scandal,
 - Factor of family abuse,
 - Retailer of domestic news,
 - My lord, as soon as I appear,
 - Confines thee in thy proper sphere ;
 - Or else at every place of call,
 - The chandler's shop, or cobbler's stall,
 - Or alehouse (where for pretty tales
 - Gin, ale, and beer, are constant vales)
 - Each word at table that was spoke
 - Wou'd soon become the public joke,
 - And chearful innocent converse
 - To scandal warp'd——or something worse——
 - Whene'er my master I attend
 - Freely he can his mind unbend——
 - But when such praters fill my place,
 - Then nothing should be said—but grace.
-

The STAGE-COACH.

TO pay my duty to sweet Mrs. *Page*,
 I hir'd a seat i'th' *Canterbury* stage.
 Our coachman, *Dick*, the shades of night to shun,
 Had yok'd his horses long before the sun;

Disturb'd

Disturb'd I start, and drowsy all the while,
 Rise to be jolted many a weary mile ;
 On both sides squeez'd, how highly was I blest'd !
 Between two plump old women to be press'd.
 A corp'ral fierce, and nurse, and child that cry'd,
 And a fat landlord fill'd the other side :
 Scarce dawns the morning e'er the cumb'rous load
 Rolls roughly-rumbling o'er the rugged road :
 One old wife coughs, and wheezes in my ears,
 Loud scolds the other, and the soldier swears ;
 Sour unconcocted breath escapes my host,
 The sick'ning child returns his milk and toast.
 Ye gods ! if such the pleasures of the stage ;
 I'd rather walk to visit Mrs. Page.

Rules of Courtship.

F AINT amorist, what dost thou think
 To taste love's honey, and not drink
 One dram of gall ? or to devour
 A world of sweet, and taste no sour ?
 Do'st thou ever think to enter
 Th' Elysian fields, who durst not venture
 In *Charon's* barge ? a lover's mind
 Must use to sail with every wind.
 He who loves, and fears to try,
 Learns his mistress to deny.
 Does she chide thee ? 'tis to shew it,
 That thy fondness makes her do it.
 Is she silent ? Is she mute ?
 Silence fully grants thy suit.

Doth

Doth she pout and leave the room?
 Then she goes to bid thee come:
 Is she sick? why then be sure,
 She invites thee to the cure.
 Doth she cross thy suit with, No?
 Tush she loves to hear thee woo.
 Doth she call the faith of man
 In question? nay, she loves thee then.
 And if e'er she makes a blot;
 She's lost, if that thou hits it not.
 He who after ten denials,
 Dares attempt no farther trials,
 Hath no warrant to acquire
 The dainties of his chaste desire.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

The COQUETTE and Time. A Tale.
To a Lady.

MADAM, to you this tale I send,
 Fear not a satire from a friend;
 Nor deem it insult, if the muse,
 The female's little slips pursues;
 I scorn a thought so mean and base,
 To stigmatize the lovely race,
 In the dear sex a charm we find,
 To lull the tempests in the mind;
 To banish ev'ry gloomy care,
 Corrosive passions, palid tear.

Make

Make ev'ry hour with pleasure roll,
 And turn to harmony the soul;
 For this the friendly muse wou'd shew,
 The fatal cause of other's woe.
 Where dangers lurk, the path to clear,
 And by example warn the fair.

Clarinda, blest'd with ev'ry grace,
 That dignifies the softer race,
 Not merely with a face that's fair,
 But just proportion, figure, air,
 Each lovely soft, attractive charm,
 That can the human breast alarm.

Ye fair, of blooming charms possess'd,
 Where beauty's image shines confess'd;
 Reflect how transient is the boast,
 The flower of a day at most.

The rose all beauteous to the eye,
 Must shed its sweets, and quickly dye;
 The lilly fragrant, fair and tall,
 Alike must fade, alike must fall;
 The circling year shall these renew,
 Restore their fragrance, and their hue.
 But tho' your blooming cheeks disclose
 The lilly, and the blushing rose,
 When by the hand of time subdu'd,
 Shall never rise like them renew'd.

The beaus beheld *Clarinda's* eyes,
 And mark'd her dawning beauties rise;
 The wits began in tuneful lays,
 To circulate the fair one's praise.

Charming *Clarinda*! fair and young,
 Was long the burthen of each song,

The

The rose's hue her cheeks bedeck,
 The lily's white o'er spreads her neck;
Arabia's gale was in her breath —
 Her eyes shot flaming darts of death;
Minerva's wit, with *Juno's* mein,
 Yet gentle as the *Cyprian* queen.

Oh! *vanity*, thou raging pest,
 Curst canker to the female breast,
 To you it is *Clarinda* owes,
 Her various ills, her various woes.

Their flatt'ring tales her mind possess'd,
 Her glass and maid complete the rest;
 She takes the praise bestow'd as debt,
 And issues forth—a pert coquette.

Where'er she went, the park, the play,
 Fresh suiters crouded ev'ry day;
 The fop, and man of sense she heard,
 But none was to her charms prefer'd,
 For self conceit, her constant guest,
 The sole adviser of her breast,
 Her passion's friend, now brought her aid,
 And thus address'd the simple maid.

Could heav'n such charms as thine bestow
 To bless some paltry squire? No,
 A lord, a duke, perhaps a king!
 Pomp, and magnificence shall bring;
 Ermine, and equipage, and state,
 While slaves obsequious on thee wait.

Thus long she reign'd a giddy thing,
 The toast and rival of the ring;
 At length her beauty ran its date,
 Who can resist the will of fate?

O'er-cast

O'er-cast the fatal morn appear'd !
 Her paroquet was screaming heard ;
 Her fav'rite *Chloe* howl'd, and all
 Gave omen of her beauty's fall.

Unheeding this, on play intent,
 To young *Cardilla's* route she went.
 Her rivals soon perceiv'd the change,
 The witlings sneer'd : she thought it strange,
 The laugh went round — she calls a chair,
 And home precipitates the fair.
 When to her mirror strait she flies,
 And views, alas ! with great surprize !
 Her deep *sunk eyes*, her wrinkled face,
 And all the cause of her disgrace :
 Oh ! cruel fate ! aloud she calls,
 Then fainting on her settee falls.

While thus th'afflicted fair one lay,
 The *god* ! whose power all things obey,
 With downy feet came swiftly on,
 And to his victim thus begun :

Cease, cease your tears, you weep in vain,
 Grief can't renew your charms again :
 Did you, too credulous believe,
 Your charms could swift-pac'd *Time* deceive !
 Ah ! foolish hope, deluded maid,
 'Tis but a debt to me you've paid.

Implicit all things *Time* obey,
 And own my universal sway ;
 I pull the stateliest fabrick down,
 E'en kings to me submit their crown ;
 The medal and the hero's bust,
 By me are crumbled into dust.

E'en

E'en he who takes each mortals breath,
 Shall fall by me—I conquer *Death*;
 And shall *vain beauty's* gawdy flow'r,
 Above the rest escape my power?

Ye nymphs, now in your beauty's prime,
 Regard the lay beware of *Time*.

The MONKIES. A Tale.

W Hoe'er with curious eye has rang'd
 Thro' *Ovid's* tales, has seen
 How *Jove* incens'd to monkies chang'd
 A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon th'offending race
 Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
 To give them back the human face,
 And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their pray'r;
 But t'other half he bad the wind
 Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
 That shook the vaulted skies,
 With haughtier air the creatures strode,
 And stretch'd their dwindled size.

Thair in curls luxuriant now
 Around their temples spread;

The

The tail that whilom hung below,
Now dangled from their head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face,
It still retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bade them take their place,
(Restoring them their antient claim)
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow;
But woman like the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a *beau*.

The ATHENIAN HARPER. *A Fable.*

QUID NUNC! believe that I'm your friend!
And to this artless tale attend——

My honest and impartial muse
Harbours no interested views;
Let venial bards for lucre write;
I neither sing for pay, nor spite:
But fain would thus be understood,
To mean the universal good.
And not to you, alone, this fable
But many more is applicable;

Who

Who reads the news, harangue, debate,
 Correct the helm, reform the state.
 And falsely fancy they're as fit
 To serve the *British* state as *Pitt*.

In much fam'd *Athens*, long ago,
 There liv'd, as antient stories shew,
 A simple harper, whose poor lays
 Procur'd him much Plebeian praise :
 When night drew on, in thrumming strain,
 He'd oft divert the tippling train ;
 The tippling train would dance and sing,
 And swear of *Harpers* he was *King*.

Philosophers have oft confess'd,
 That love of fame's in every breast
 Inherent is! and most would fain
 Her trumpeter's loudest blast obtain ;
 But very few of all who've strove
 So far, have gain'd that lady's love :
 But, discontented with their lot,
 Have lost the little share they got.

Puff'd with the praises of the croud !
 With vanity his breast o'erflow'd :
 Shall I, says he, whose skill so rare,
 That few to play with me will dare ;
 Shall I, whose heav'nly sounding strains
 Can move these wretches without brains :
 I, who like *Orpheus* or *Amphion*,
 Can tame the savage bear or lion,
 And make e'en stocks, or stones, or trees,
 Caper and dance, just as I please ;
 Shall I divert the rabble-rout,
 And give my airs to ev'ry lout ?

No—

No——if these feel so great my art,
 Should I in public play my part.
 How would the crouded theatre
 With shouts and claps my strains prefer?
 How *small* each artist would appear,
 If once I caught the *judging* ear?
 It shall be so——A noble fire
 Now warms my breast with strong desire,
 I'll charm the stage——Ye clownish crew,
 Hence forth I bid you all adieu!
 Profit, and fame, shall make amends;
 I have them at my finger's ends!
 Behold him on th'*Athenian* stage,
 At war with harmony engage!
 Untowardly he strikes the strings,
 And, harsher than his harp he sings:
 Enrag'd the audience, pelt and scoff,
 And clamour round the house, *off, off!*
 Amaz'd he from the stage withdrew,
 And sought again the clownish crew——
 But fame, who kept above his pace,
 Had told them all his late disgrace——
 They scornful kick'd him out of door,
 And bid him *humstrum* there no more,
 But with his soft and heav'nly airs,
 Go play to *trees*, and *dancing bears*.

Captain

Captain CUPID.

ERST in *Cytherea's* sacred shade,
 When *Venus* clasp'd the god of war,
 The laughing lovers around them play'd,
 One bore the shield, and one the spear.

The little warrior's *Cupid* led,
 The shining baldrick grac'd his breast,
 The mighty helmet o'er his head
 Nodded its formidable crest.

Hence oft, to win some stubborn maid,
 Still does the wanton god assume
 The martial air, the gay cockade,
 The sword, the shoulder-knot, and plume.

Fell *Cupid* came a captain bold :
 Of trenches, and of palisadoes
 He talk'd ; and many a tale he told
 Of battles and of ambuscadoes.

How oft his godship had been drunk ;
 What melting maids he had undone ;
 How oft by night had storm'd a punk,
 Or bravely beat a saucy dun.

He swore, drank, whor'd, sung, danc'd with spirit,
 And o'er each pleasing topic ran,
 Till *Phyllis* sigh'd and own'd his merit,
 The captain's sure a charming man.

Ye

Ye bards, on verse let *Phæbus* doat,
 Ye shepherds leave your pipes to *Pan*,
 Nor verse, nor pipe will *Phyllis* note —
 The captain is the charming man.

On TIME.

TIME, thou devourer of each space,
 Thou enemy to human race,
 Desist a while thy rapid flight,
 Nor roll me on so quick in night.
 Steal not the hours so swift away,
 Nor take so soon the present day!
 Wilt thou not hear? He still is deaf,
 Nor to my pray'r will grant relief.
 'Tis all in vain! e'en now he flies,
 Deaf to all importunities?
 To destiny a trusty slave,
 He'll not return one hour he gave.
 How should we prize thy real worth!
 Nor deal the minutes idly forth:
 Vain the debates and fruitless strife,
 Since Time's so short, so fleeting life!

A modern LOVE-LETTER.

M A D A M,

I Hope you'll think it's true,
 I deeply am in love with you,
 When I assure you, t'other day,
 As I was, musing on my way,
 At thought of you I tumbled down
 Directly in a deadly swoon :
 And tho' 'tis true I'm something better,
 Yet I can hardly spell my letter ;
 And as the latter you may view,
 I hope you'll think the former true.

You need not wonder at my flame,
 For you are not a mortal dame.
 I saw you dropping from the skies,
 And let dull idiots swear, your eyes
 With love their glowing breast inspire ;
 I tell you they are flames of fire ;
 That scorch'd my forehead to a cinder,
 And burn my very heart to tinder.
 Your breast so mighty cold I trow,
 Is made of nothing else but snow ;
 Your hands (no wonder they have charms)
 Are made of iv'ry, like your arms.
 Your cheeks, that look as if they bled,
 Are nothing else but roses red.
 Your lips are coral very bright,
 Your teeth — tho' numbers out of spite,

May

May say they're bones, yet 'twill appear,
They're rows of pearl exceeding dear.

Now, madam, as the chat goes round,
I hear you have ten thousand pound.

But that——I as a trifle hold;

Give me your person, d— your gold;

Yet, for your own sake, 'tis secur'd,

I hope——your houses too insur'd.

I'd have you take a special care,

And of false mortgages beware.

You've wealth enough, 'tis true, but yet

You want a friend to manage it.

Now such a friend you soon might have,

By fixing on your humble slave;

Not that I mind a stately house,

Or value money of a louse;

But your five hundred pounds a year,

I would secure it——for my dear.

Then smile upon your slave that lies

Half murder'd by your radiant eyes,

Or else this very moment dies——

STREPHON.

The MONKEY and CAT.

ONCE on a time, as story goes,
The monkey and the cat were foes:
The subject of this hot dispute
Was, which was the most useful brute.
Grimalken spoke in humble strain,
But pug was haughty pert and vain,

And as the fav'rite of his lady
 To vindicate himself was ready,
 And begg'd the favour of the fair
 The diff'rent claims of each to hear.

First then he begg'd she would consider,
 The various services he did her.
 When spleen and vapours had possess'd her,
 Or any other ill distress'd her ;
 How often he had banish'd care,
 And made her gay and debonair ;
 Made the dull moments glide away,
 And charm'd her all the live long day.
 'Till night invited beaus and belles,
 With cards, and other bagatelles,
 And ever then, when luck ran cross,
 And fidgetting proclaim'd her loss ;
 When drops and *Betty* were not near,
 He'd sav'd her fainting in her chair,
 And other things, a mighty train,
 Which to repeat would seem but vain :
 But above all, his quality,
 And education, *a Paris* ;
 That *England* never cou'd produce
 An animal so smart, so spruce,
 That ladies of the highest station,
 Kept monkies for their conversation.
 The honest cat, who all the while
 Had mark'd his puffing florid stile,
 With zeal inflam'd, now rear'd her head,
 And modestly assuming said :

The arts you boast, all must confess,
 Are merely trifles, more or less.
 Mine as they are, to good conduce,
 And may be reckon'd of some use ;

From vermin, clear I keep the house,
 Destroy the pilf'ring rat and mouse;
 The garden, pantry, kitchen own
 My useful parts to each well known.
 To other arts I lay no claim;
 These to preserve shall be my aim;
 My quality I lay aside;
 But, that I'm *English*, is my pride.
 Impartially the lady heard,
 And pug was beat, and puss preferr'd.

The modern P O E T.

AR T thou, fond youth, a candidate for fame?
 Ah! *Pope*, thou'lt ruin'd every future claim:
 Few crumbs of praise from thy rich table fall,
 Tho' want of glory much abounds in all;
 Thy greedy merit will have all the bays,
 While rags and shame record our wretched lays.
 Yet will the toilers at dull crambo creep
 Along the coast, when fearful of the deep;
 And tho' unfit the mighty main t'explore,
 Play with the shells that glitter on the shore.
 So *Indians*, diving in the shallow rills,
 Pick up the grains that quit the golden hills,
 But may not, dare not, meddle with the mine,
 The proud *Europeans* to themselves consign.

When from the birch the youthful pupil's free,
 He sails for fame, and steers by poetry.

Big with high hopes, and flatter'd by the mean,
 The injudicious, or the sneering train,
 Intent to please, and eager of applause,
 Some small acrostic opens first the cause ;
 Good sense is slain, unmeaning words combin'd,
 But *Celia* flatter'd must be *Celia* blind :
 The smile receiv'd, vast favour of the fair !
 The gratis glass re-animates his care.
 Sonnets succeed, irregular enough,
 Each muse invok'd, and *Venus* e'en in buff,
 With *Cupid's* darts, fresh drawn from *Celia's* eyes,
 All, all conspire to win the laureat prize.

Hence whole brigades of borrow'd phrases join,
 At once to grace and fortify each line ;
 His old conceits he decks in language new,
 The many pleases, but offends the few.
 At any rate obscurer rank to raise,
 Knaves rob the wits, and fools degrade the bays,
 Thus well-accomplish'd, certain of success,
 And fond to meet the jovial kind caress,
 Our hero now in every tavern view,
 With something pretty, witty, wise, and new,
 If you'll believe him ; or if not, 'tis known,
 The piece of wit is every whit his own.

The COUNTRY SQUIRE, and the
MANDRAKE. A FABLE.

THE sun had rais'd above the mead,
 His glorious horizontal head;
 Sad *Philomela* left the thorn,
 The lively linnets hymn'd the morn,
 And nature, like a waking bride,
 Her blushes spread on ev'ry side:
 The cock as usual crow'd up *Tray*,
 Who nightly with his master lay;
 The faithful spaniel gave the word;
Trelooby at the signal stir'd,
 And with his gun from wood to wood,
 The man of prey his course pursu'd;
 The dew and herbage all around,
 Like pearls and emeralds on the ground,
 Th'uncultur'd flow'rs that rudely rise,
 Where smiling freedom art defies.
 The lark in transport tow'ring high,
 The crimson curtains of the skie,
 Does not affect *Trelooby's* mind,——
 For what is beauty to the blind?
 Harmonious voice of sylvan love,
 Form'd charming concerts in the grove,
 Sweet *Zephyr* sigh'd on *Flora's* breast,
 And found the black bird in her nest,
 Whisp'ring he leapt from leaf to leaf——
 But what is music to the deaf?

At length while poring on the ground,
 With monumental look profound,
 A curious vegetable caught
 His —— something similar to thought.
 Wond'ring he ponder'd stooping low
 (*Trelooby* always lov'd a show)
 And on the *Mandrake's* vernal station,
 Star'd with prodigious observation.
 The affronted *Mandrake* with a frown,
 Address'd in rage the wealthy clown.

- ‘ Proud member of the rambling race,
- ‘ That vegetate from place to place,
- ‘ Pursue the leveret at large,
- ‘ Nor here thy blunderbuss discharge.
- ‘ Disdainful tho' thou look'st on me,
- ‘ What art thou? or what can'st thou be?
- ‘ Nature that mark'd thee as a fool,
- ‘ Gave no materials for the school.
- ‘ Wherein consists thy worth and fame?
- ‘ The preservation of the game——
- ‘ For what? thou avaricious elf,
- ‘ But devour it all thyself;
- ‘ To lead a life of drink and feast,
- ‘ T'oppress the poor, and cheat the priest,
- ‘ Or triumph in a virgin lost,
- ‘ Is all the manhood thou can'st boast.
- ‘ Pretty! in nature's various plan,
- ‘ To see a weed that's like a man:
- ‘ But 'tis a grievous thing indeed
- ‘ To a see man so like a weed.

The FORTUNE-TELLER. A Fable.

HOW many ways *Deceit* can find
 To cheat and gull the human-kind ;
 And yet so open the deceit
 The world might plainly see the cheat,
 But that these whims their wishes suit
 So well they won't admit dispute ;
 And *Truth* and *Falshood* must submit,
 So nice their sense they can't be bit.

In antique dress, with length of beard,
Faustus, the conjurer, appear'd,
 Austere his look ; a taper wand
 Most awful dignify'd his hand :
 With globes and telescopes around
 His room proclaim'd his skill profound ;
 Loud was his fame, both far and near,
 And all to *Faustus* would repair.
 For wishing nymphs he soon would find
 A husband wealthy, handsome, kind ;
 And for th'ambitious he would fix
 A coronet, a coach and fix.
 He'd give the avaricious store,
 And food and raiment to the poor.
 In short, whatever their degree,
 He'd suit their wishes to a T.
 Pleas'd, they reported, never sure
 A man so wise was known before.

Invited by his general fame,
 Among the rest, *Lorenzo* came ;

And having heard his bubbling stuff,
 Accosted *Faustus* something rough.
 "Thou wretch, what punishment is due
 To one so very vile as you?
 Who with most scandalous pretence
 Cheat people of their gold and sense;
 Canst thou by human art explain
 The links in *Providence's* chain?
 Canst thou declare th'*Almighty's* will,
 And tell our fortunes good or ill?
 The pillory, or bridewell shou'd
 Declare your wisdom to the croud."

Your warmth (quoth *Faustus*) 'tis confess't,
 Appears at present somewhat just;
 Consider calmly; you'll agree
 The fault's in them, and not in me.
 Of all the *Gulls* that here attend,
 To gain a fortune is their end.
 Was I to be so mad to deal
 The *Blanks* from out of fortune's wheel,
 They'd say, my skill was all a sham,
 And I as great a fool as *them*.

*Verses left on the Table of a Chop-
 House, near the Change.*

DEAR Sally! emblem of thy chop-house ware,
 As broths reviving, and as white bread fair;
 Sharper than knife——more piercing than a fork;
 Sweet as young mutton——white as fairest pork!

Thy

Thy rolling eyes more bright and brilliant far
 Than *cut-glass* *cruet* fill'd with *vinegar* ;
 Thy wit and genius like *fresh* *mustard* strong,
 And as all *pot-herbs* should be——ever young !
 ——Oh ! *Sally*, could I turn and *shift* my love
 With the same art that you your *stakes* can move,
 My heart, *thus* *cook'd*, might form a *chop-house* feast,
 And *Sall* alone should be the *welcome* guest.
 ——But, dearest girl, the flames which you impart,
 Like chop on gridiron, broil my tender heart ;
 Which, if thy kindly helping-hand be'nt nigh,
 Must, like an unturn'd chop, *biss*, *burn*, and *fry* ——
 And must (at last) thou *searcher* of my soul,
 Shrink and become an *undistinguish'd* coal—.

*A WILL, made by a Student in the
 University, and stood good in Law.*

THE fifth day of *May*,
 Being airy and gay,
 To hip not inclin'd,
 But of vigorous mind,
 And my body in health,
 I'll dispose of my wealth,
 And all I'm to have
 On this side the grave,
 To some one or other——
 And I think to my brother——

But as I foresaw
 That my brethren-in-law,
 If I did not take care,
 Wou'd come in for their share,
 Which I no ways intended,
 Till their manners were mended;
 And of that God knows there's no sign:
 I do therefore enjoin,
 And strictly command,
 Of which, witness my hand,
 That nought I have got
 Be brought into hodge-pot,
 But I give and devise,
 As far as in me lies,
 To the son of my mother,
 Mine own dear brother,
 To have and to hold
 All my silver and gold,
 As the affectionate pledges
 Of his brother

John Hedges.

The FEMALE MICROCOSM.

*To a Lady who said, Man is a little
World.*

MEN are the world in small, you say,
 And why not women too, I pray?
 All species they as well comprize,
 That trace earth, waters, or the skies.

The

The *Lamb* their childhood well explains ;
 They're skittish *fillies* in their teens ;
 Often the name of *cats* prevails,
 Creatures that play much with their tails.

Yet are believ'd from seas to spring,
 When the dissembling *Syrens* sing ;
 Some are call'd *Thornbacks* for their years ;
 Some *Crocodiles*——when they're in tears.

But they are *Parrots* when they talk ;
 They're *Peacocks* proud whene'er they walk
 They're *Rails*, who at tea-table sway ;
 They're *Bats*, that chace their midnight prey ;
 They're *Turtles*, meeting face to face ;
 And *Wagtails* in a proper place.

The Lady's ANSWER.

A Little world, I say again,
 Meets in that motley creature man :
 His single species, all explains,
 Which earth, or sea, or air contains.

The *Ape* much in his youth appears ;
 The *Goat*, or *Swine*, or *Wolf*, in years ;
 Often the name of *Cur* prevails,
 For fawning at their patrons tails.

Yet thought some marine monster, when
 We see a state *Leviathan* ;

Some

Some are call'd *Codheads*——wanting brains ;
Some *Sharks*——wherever gaming reigns.

They're *Blackbirds*, when in pulpits zealous ;
They're horned *Owls*, when husbands jealous ;
And *Jays*, at court who spark it ;
They're *Gulls*, whom corporations glean,
Canary birds at *change* they're seen,
And *Capons*——in *Haymarket*.

The BAKER and CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S
BOY. A FABLE.

THE frost was sharp, the snow was deep,
And almost dead was little *sweep* ;
When Pity, passing by,
A penny lent (for 'tis no more
Than loan to God to feed the poor)
To sooth the needy cry.

Half frozen was the footy wight,
But thoughts of eating rouz'd him streight ;
To Baker's shop he creeps,
Which Baker oft' had giv'n him bread,
Or long ago he had been dead,
But now nor begs, nor weeps.

With ready money in his hand,
Behold the little *Sweeper* stand,

Unconscious

Unconscious quite of shame ;
 His cash to Baker gladly shews,
 And hopes he brings him better news,
 Than when to *beg* he came.

The pitying Baker *penny* sees,
 And orders *Sweep* to buy some cheese,
 And then return for bread ;
 Assures him he shall get, once more,
 Bread gratis, as he had before,
 When hunger thither led.

Soon *Sweep* returns, but waits at door,
 As well becomes him *now*, being poor ;
 The customers come fast, ——
 The busy Baker serves 'em all,
 Still fresh ones come, for rolls they call,
 And every one's in haste.

Alas for *Sweep* !—While they were feeding,
 Poor *Sweep*, to shew he had some breeding,
 At humble distance stood,
 Till hunger and the piercing cold
 On his poor vitals took such hold,
 They quite congeal'd his blood !

Frozen, he drops, and yields his breath,
 His and a monarch's due to death,
 And must be paid, you know ;
 The Baker hears at door a clatter,
 Peeps out to see what is the matter, ——
 Lo ! *Sweep*'s laid out in snow.

The Baker's heart was pierc'd with grief,
 But *Sweep* was fled beyond relief,
 And useleſs then was bread.
 Wou'd you kind reader this apply ;
 Vain are your deeds of charity,
 When thoſe who want are dead.

The COURTIER and the EWE.
A FABLE. Occaſioned by ſeeing
an Act of Cruelty.

A Courtier dress'd in all his tinsell'd pride,
 With knot and rapier dangling at his ſide,
 With foppish gait he tript along the ſtreet,
 Fearing each dirty mortal that he met,
 Left his white ſtockings might ſome ſplafh receive,
 Or filthy ſweeper brush his crimſon ſleeve :
 An Ewe, hard drove, and panting for her life,
 To 'ſcape the ſavage butcher and the knife,
 Hopeleſs and faint, ſhe could no further fly,
 And, tho' all innocence, was loth to die ;
 The Courtier ſhe beheld,—to him ſhe flew,
 And thought ſhe might be ſafe if once he drew
 His ſword, in pity to her wretched fate,
 And at his feet ſhe 'gan to ſupplcate :
 " Take pity, Sir! (the Ewe in anguiſh cry'd)
 " O! pluck the weapon from your honour's ſide,
 " And let your gracious mercy interpoſe,
 " To ſtop the bloody purpoſe of my foes :

" Life,

" Life, Sir, is sweet; when I, alas! am dead,
 " ~~My~~ lambs will perish in the frozen mead,—
 " They yet are young, and want a mother's care,
 " To shield them from the sharp inclement air."—
 The Fop enrag'd, to think a brute should meet,
 And interrupt his passage in the street,
 He drew his sword and plung'd it in her side,
 The hapless victim fell,—but e'er she died,
 In mournful accents she address'd my lord,
 And tears gush'd briefly forth at ev'ry word:
 " If't be your reason that provok'd the deed,
 " If't be from justice that I dying bleed,
 " My fellow brutes more mercy would have shewn;
 " E'en tygers might (had they my story known)
 " Have spar'd my life, could they have understood,
 " Or known the difference 'twixt bad and good.
 " Ungrateful lord! no beast was e'er so rude,
 " For savages will shew some gratitude;—
 " The coat that makes your lordship now so fine,
 " Grew on my back; was once a coat of mine;
 " The tender meal on which to-day you fed
 " Sprang from my loins, and for your pleasure bled—
 " But I'm to blame, I fear, thus to revile
 " The lord of reason in so rude a stile;
 " My life is your's, whene'er you think it fit
 " That I should at your mighty will submit;
 " Yet that, with pleasure, now I could resign,
 " Did not my poor and tender lambkins pine,
 " With hunger bleat, and search the lonesome plain,
 " In hopes, alas! to see their dam again."

AMBITION.

AMBITION. A FABLE.

AMBITION, fiend of hellish parts!
 Diffusing wide pernicious arts,
 From earliest records will be found
 What slaughter she has spread around:
 Rome, Athens, ev'ry noble name,
 The foremost in the list of fame,
 Their great atchievements, far and wide,
 Were all o'erturn'd and lost by pride.
 Nor such alone;—in private life,
 Engend'ring endless feuds and strife,
 Her pow'r is seen; each virtue dies,
 Peace, happiness, and pleasure flies.
 That hydra, (when all these are fled)
 Curst discontent, uprears her head;
 Dark clouds immediate intervene,
 And storms and tempests close the scene.

Lorenzo from his earliest youth
 Had follow'd ever blooming truth;
 By virtue's rule his actions squar'd,
 And found, indeed, the just reward.
 His patrimony was but small,
 Some forty acres,—that was all.
 His house was on a rising ground,
 Of antique form and moated round;
 The pond was stock'd with various fish,
 Affording oft a dainty dish;
 And hills, and dales, and shady trees——
 No situation more could please;

Nature

Nature her aid so much had lent,
 It seem'd the mansion of content——
 And so it was, till one thought rose,
 The fatal cause of all his woes.
 His moat he thought alas ! too small ;
 Too narrow, too confin'd his hall ;
 His little bark, that us'd to ride
 Upon the moat's unruffled tide,
 Should be a ship ; he pray'd—'twas done !
 His house a castle quickly shone ;
 Sudden his moat expanded wide,
 And roll'd with a tremendous tide.
 Within his ship he sail'd away,
 With happy mind, and loud huzza :
 But soon, alas ! his joys decrease,——
 Huge rocks and quicksands spoil his peace ;
 His ship is bulg'd, his treasure lost,
 And he thrown on a barren coast :
 Famish'd and weak forlorn he lies,
 Till death advanc'd and clos'd his eyes.
 Think on his fate, on his condition,
 And dread that monster call'd AMBITION.

The A T H E I S T. *A* F A B L E.

The Fool hath said in his Heart, There is no God.

JACK Freewill was a man of parts,
 Vers'd in the sciences and arts,
 And, in the hey-day of his youth,
 Set out on journey after truth ;

Yet

Yet how it was I cannot say,
 But he, poor lad, mistook his way.
 He took companion of his side
 One *Hobbes*, a lame and sightless guide,
 Soon after *Toland* join'd his train,
 And *Woolston* next came on a-main.
 From these and others much the same,
 (Who daily from all nations came)
 He found in spite of *Pope's* sweet song,
 That nought was right, but all was wrong.
 Religion was a trick, a bubble,
 Form'd to give honest people trouble :
 That heaven and hell was all a joke,
 Made of enthusiastick smoke,
 To fright poor laymen, that each priest
 Might thence enjoy a glorious feast ;
 But he would not be bubbled so,
 And that he soon would let them know.
 He did ; he'd laugh, and drink, and —
 Turn decency quite out of door ;
 Repeat most horrid oaths and lies,
 Inventing monstrous blasphemies ;
 Pour out such language to the bar,
 Would make a devil start to hear.

At length debauches brought disease,
 He takes his bed in hopes of ease ;
 But this, alas ! was all in vain,
 A fever soon augments his pain.
 He strives, but dares not sleep a wink,
 And now he just begins to think
 That he has liv'd a wicked way,
 And would, but ah ! he cannot pray :

Fear

Fear shakes the bed, a noise he hears,
 The devil's now upon the stairs :
 The raven croaks, the candle's blue,
 The death-watch ticks—"What shall I do?"
 The nurse came in,—They're here !—he cry'd,
 And sunk beneath the cloaths, and dy'd,
 In vain the nurse, or doctor's care,
 He fell a sacrifice to fear.
 Thus he, who heav'n and hell defied,
 By his own piercing conscience died.

The MAGGOT and the NUT.
 A F A B L E.

HAIL to that sage (*a*), renown'd of old,
 Whose humour was (as I've been told)
 At this poor world's intestine strife,
 To laugh away his hours of life !

Hail to the other (*b*), so renown'd
 Who constantly was crying found !
 Tho' now he'd think, if he was here,
 The world was hardly worth a tear;

Hail to the third (*c*), whose critic rage
 With rancour still pursu'd the age;
 Snarl'd at the world, and all its toys,
 Censur'd their follies and their joys !

Nor must the fourth (*d*) be here forgot,
 Who lov'd his bottle and his pot ;

(*a*) Laughing Philosopher. (*b*) Crying Philosopher.
 (*c*) Snarling Philosopher, (*d*) Tippling Philosopher.

Declar'd

Declar'd good drinking was no crime,
So tippled out his span of time.

Tho' these are gone the present age
Can boast of genuises as sage ;
How many laugh, they know not why !
How many fortune dooms to cry !
How many snarlers may we find !
How many tippers !—just behind.

The happiest are those that laugh,
And next to them are those that quaff ;
The weeping train too find relief,
Merely from letting out their grief.
What can the next, the snarlers say ?
What good does all their satire, pray ?
Follies and vices will abound
Still, while this pendant ball goes round ;
From earth we came, and ne'er can rise
To match the virtues of the skies ;
To err's the fate of human nature,
In spite of all the whips of satire.
Then let no more these snarling elves
Blame what's implanted in themselves ;
Suspend their ire, and, if they're able,
Peruse this short and simple fable.—

When autumn had left bare the woods,
And boreas bluster'd o'er the floods,
A hazel nut lay on the ground,
With a large hole, a maggot's wound,
Which presently (I'm not in joke)
Became a mouth, and thus it spoke :
Of all the fruits that crown the year
The fate of nuts is most severe ;

A little

A little insect can with ease
 Invade our houses when they please ;
 They bore our shells, our kernels eat,
 And not contented with the treat,
 'Tis not enough to do such hurt,
 They leave behind a heap of dirt.

A maggot, who was crawling by,
 O'erheard the charge, and made reply;—
 Cease your upbraiding! cease to blame!
 Nor maggots thus contemptuous name;
 We are a part of you, like fin,
 Engender'd when you first begin;
 Grow as you grow, nor e'er invade
 That shell you name, by nature made;
 Till all the kernel is consum'd,
 And then, as wisely was foredoom'd,
 We burst the shell to open day,
 And leave thy carcase to decay.

But now a Moral should be put :
 A Man; the World, the Maggot's Nut.

The TINDER-BOX. *A FABLE.*

HOW often pride produces cares,
 Sets folks together by the ears;
 Makes them each other to traduce,
 And fills each mouth with rank abuse!

A Tinder-box upon a shelf,
 With pride elate thus prais'd herself,

“ There's

" There's nothing priz'd, unless by blocks,
 As equal to a Tinder-box :
 The grate, the gridiron, or the spit,
 Are somewhat useful, somewhat fit ;
 Yet all must know as well as I ;
 That none could either broil or fry,
 Without my necessary aid :
 By me at first the fire is made."
 'The Tinder, made from linen rag,
 Swell'd up with spleen to hear this brag,
 Push'd off the Lid, and thus reply'd :
 " Truce with your nonsense, and your pride ;
 Refer to me, and soon you'll find
 Your usefulness a mile behind ;
 You are subservient to my aid,
 By me at first the fire is made."

The matches now began to grin,
 And cry'd, — " You're neither worth a pin.
 What use is either Box, or Tinder ?
 Alone you could not light a cinder ;
 For fire the cook his head might scratch,
 No fire he'd get without a match."

ODE to CONTENT.

I.

D E S C E N D from heaven ! propitious queen,
 First-born, and best-belov'd of *Jove* ;
 Whilst meek-ey'd Patience, joy serene,
 And tow'ring hope—around thee move—

Descend !

Descend!—at thy refulgent sight,
A tribe of woes compell'd to flight,
Submissive own thy potent sway,
Like airy clouds disperse, and leave a golden day.

II.

Come with rosy garlands crown'd,
And ev'ry golden flow'r that blows ;
Scatter ambrosial odours round,
And all thy thousand sweets disclose.
With thee to dwell the tuneful nine
Delight, and hail thy pow'r divine ;
Their notes now more melodious rise,
Now the full concerts swells, and clears the shining
skies.

III.

Hence ye delights of sordid minds——
Be gone the world's fantastic pride?——
Thou solemn queen of sober smiles,
Alone can'st bid each care subside ;
And not or long descent or pow'r
Avail to win thy peaceful hour,
Thou spurn'st such visionary things,
The glitt'ring pomp of wealth, and purple pride of
Kings.

IV.

No—thou secluded lov'st to dwell,
Far from the idly busy scene,
Where in the hollow, moss-grown cell,
The solitary sage is seen.

K

Now

Now ! now with thee I seem to rove,
 The gloomy glade, the waving grove,
 Now climb the mountain's rugged brow,
 Now tread the flow'ry vale that winds along below.

V.

But ah ! the flatt'ring, dear, deceit
 Which fancy form'd dissolves away !—
 And who shall shew thy sacred seat,
 Or lead me through the doubtful way ?
 'Tis done ! an heav'nly guide descends ;
 Hither beneficent she bends—
 'Tis *Reason's* self, divinely fair,
 Who points to Virtue's fane, and bids me find thee
 there.

The CONTENTED PAIR.

A Cottage, with a steeple nigh,
 A little brook that babbles by ;
 A garden full of fruits and flowers,
 Of mossy beds and shady bowers ;
 An orchard richly stor'd with fruit
 That any lady's taste may suit ;
 Daisies o'erspread th'enamel'd ground,
 Diffusing fragrance all around ;
 The tender trees and shrubs exhale,
 Those sweets that blow with ev'ry gale ;
 The fertile lands and fruitful fields,
 Enlivening all that nature yields ;

Without,

Without, you view this lovely frame,
 Within, the scene is much the same.
 Tho' some would call our cottage mean,
 Few palaces are kept so clean.
 For sumptuous fare we never look
 When there's a flitch upon the hook.
 Blest with two lovely girls and boys,
 Who part our care and share our joys,
 We chearful pass the time away
 In labour all the live long day :
 With hearts quite open and sincere,
 With no improper wish or fear,
 We study, aim, and wish to do
 Just as we would be done unto ;
 Thinking Content a greater gain
 Than pride with all her haughty train,
 Or blaze and splendor of a court,
 Where honour's often but a sport.
 Contented as we said before,
 We neither ask nor wish for more ;
 To wish for more were but a jest :
 To providence we leave the rest.

The HAPPY MAN.

FIX'D in a neat tho' humble cot,
 A shady calm retreat)
 I envy no one's happier lot,
 Tho' ne'er so rich or great.

Serenely calm, secure from noise,
 I pass the fleeting hour,
 Nor fear, nor grief, nor care annoys,
 Thanks to Almighty pow'r.

But rosy health and blooming peace,
 Crown each successive day,
 In pleasure, innocence and ease,
 The minutes roll away.

May I with sweet content of mind
 'Thro' life enjoy the same,
 And after death still leave behind
 A good and virtuous name.

HUMANITY.

Humani nihil alienum.

TERENT.

AH me! how little knows the human heart,
 The pleasing task of softening other's woe;
 Stranger to joys that pity can impart,
 And tears sweet sympathy can teach to flow.

If e'er I've mourn'd my humble, lowly state,
 If e'er I've bow'd my knee at Fortune's shrine,
 If e'er a wish escap'd me to be great,
 The fervent pray'r, *Humanity*, was thine.

Perish that man who hears the piteous tale
 Unmov'd to whom the heart-felt glow's unknown;
 On

On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,
Nor made the injur'd wretch's cause his own.

How little knows he the extatic joy,
The thrilling blifs of chearing wan despair?
How little knows the pleasing, warm employ,
That calls the grateful tribute of a tear.

The splendid dome the vaulted roof to rear,
The glare of pride and pomp, be *grandeur* thine,
To wipe from mis'ry's eye the wailing tear,
And sooth oppressed orphan's woes, be mine.

Be't mine the blush of modest worth to spare,
To change to smiles affliction's rising sigh,
The kind'red warmth of Charity to share,
Till joy shall sparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.

Can the loud laugh of mirth-inspiring bowi,
The dance, or coral song, or jocund glee,
Affect the glowing, sympathizing soul,
Or warm the breast, *Humanity*, like thee?

The palid coward's heart thou scorn'st to bear,
Thy feat's the gen'rous bosom of the brave;
The same bold warmth that bids the valiant dare,
Bids him the trembling, prostrate victim save.

Not all the laurel's on great *Cæsar*'s brow,
Not all the honour *Rome* to pay him strove,
Could such a glorious, deathless meed bestow,
As the fair wreath that meek-ey'd *Mercy* wove.

Shall murd'rous conquest point the path to fame?

Shall scenes of ravage still employ the muse?

And shall not tender *Mercy* have her claim?

The palm to her shall still the song refuse?

Ah no! the prowess of the hero's sword,

(When but to rapine and to waste confin'd)

The shouts of triumph can no name afford,

No title like THE FATHER OF MANKIND.

Young *Ammon's*, or the *Swedish Charles's* fame,

May win the wonder of th' unthinking crowd,

But *Reason's* sober voice shall still proclaim,

"The paths to glory are not wet with blood."

To purge an impious, bold, offending race,

The stagnate, poison-breeding air to cleanse,

Th' indignant *Father* bids his wreath take place,

A Conq'rer now, and now a whirlwind sends.

Relenting then, he bids the storms assuage,

And lo a *Titus* or a *Brunswick* reigns;

Justice and Mercy bless the happy age,

And peace and plenty cheer the smiling plains.

An

An ODE.

*Oh! felix Hominum Genus——
—— Si vestros Animos Amor, &c.*

BORTIUS.

BLEST is the man whose bosom glows
With pity for another's woes :
Who views, with sympathetic eyes ;
The wretch's wants the wretch's cries.
And melts with tender love.
Compassion with his filken hand,
Each passion binds with soft command,
Unruffled with ambitious dream,
His bark glides down fair Mercy's stream,
Protected from above.
No ills that haunt the guilty breast,
The peaceful roof shall e'er invest,
Where Virtue holds her spotless reign,
Where Pity throbs in ev'ry vein,
And Mercy keeps the door.
Who listens to the wretch's cry,
Who wipes the tear from Orphan's eye,
Who cheers the heart o'erprest with woe,
Him God will greater mercy show,
And bless him evermore.

June 18, 1767.

P.

ONE, *inscribed to his Royal Highness
George Prince of Wales, upon his
Birth-day, August 12, 1766.*

ROSY-finger'd morn, arise,
All in robes ethereal bright;
With new blushes tinge the skies,
Shedding streams of heavenly light:
Sweeter than the dawn of spring,
Smiles the radiant day I sing.

Phæbus, great effulgent pow'r,
In resplendent glory shine;
With fresh beauty paint each hour,
Glow with Majesty divine:
Never in thy starry way,
Didst thou gild a brighter day.

Happy Prince! thy people hail
With new joy the rising morn;
Hark! I hear the joyful peal;
Hark! the joyful shouts return;
See where grateful Britons pay
Homage to the chearful day.

Thee, our Prince, *Thalia* sings,
Lovely infant, *Albion's* joy;
Hark! she strikes the speaking strings,
Hark! the speaking strings reply;

Soft

Soft the silver sounds I hear,
Zephyrs waft them to my ear.

Thus the *Goddeſs*——“ Darling boy,
 Sweetest babe, *Britannia's* treasure,
 Smooth the laughing hours shall fly,
 Round thee waſting ev'ry pleasure ;
 Whilst encreasing years beſtow
 Joys that monarchs ſeldom know.

Ev'ry virtue in thy breaſt
 Shall a peaceful ſhrine inherit,
 Every bliſs by thee poſſeſt
 Shall reward thy riſing merit :
 Ev'ry grace and flutt'ring love,
 Round thy blooming form ſhall rove.

Ev'ry wiſh thy ſoul can form,
 Conqueſt, glory ſhall attend thee ;
 Fame thy glowing breaſt ſhall warm,
 And the muſes ſtill befriend thee :
 This *Apollo's* high Beheſt ;
Clio now may ſing the reſt.”

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, Chriſtmas-day !
 Let's eat, drink, dance and ſing away ;
 Old *England* near had ſtronger reaſon,
 To welcome in this joyful ſeaſon !

Mark high and low, and all around us,
 And know the blessings that surround us.
 Let 'em in all their pomp appear,
 Sure omens of a happy year.
 First, turn your eyes upon the Great;
 When did such virtues rule the state?
 Their country has their whole attention,
 Without a thought of place or pension;
 Of parts and pow'r no prostitution,
 Of liberty no diminution;
 Sound as a roach our constitution:
 Which, florid grown by over feeding,
 Is now quite cool with frequent bleeding:
 Great lawyers, with our good at heart,
 Now ev'ry day new doctrines start,
 For freedom and for Magna Chart.
 Our clergy too, all int'rest scorning,
 Are teaching, preaching, night and morning,
 To keep their flock secure at home,
 And guard it from the wolves of *Rome*:
 So by their zeal which never ceases,
 The growth of popery decreases.
 Physicians now cure each disease,
 They take great pains and little fees.
 Nothing but learning, parts, and knowledge,
 Can give a passport to the college:
 No poison's sold for nerves or vapours,
 No quacking nostrums fills the papers. —
 These are the gifts the Great have sent ye;
 For all is concord, peace, and plenty.
 The poor, as fat as brawn, we meet
 Eating minc'd-pies along the street.

No harlots to be seen, not one;
 Not even the whore of *Babylon* :
 These times are sung by great and small,
 'Tis merry Christmas for us all :
 And certainly, by what is past,
 The present year will match the last.

SINCE you, dear Sir, have fav'd my life,
 By turns to bless and plague my wife,
 In conscience I'm oblig'd to do
 Whatever is enjoin'd by you.
 According then to your command
 That I should search the western land
 For curious things of every kind,
 And send you all that I could find,
 I've ravag'd air, earth, seas and caverns,
 Men, women, children, towns and taverns.
 And greater rarities can show
 Than *Gresham's* sons did ever know,
 Which carrier *Dick* shall bring you down
 Next time his waggon comes to town.

First, I've three drops of that same show'r
 That *Jove* in *Danae's* lap did pour.
 From *Carthage* brought, the sword I'll send
 Which brought queen *Dido* to her end ;
 The very snake-skin, you may believe,
 The devil cast, and tempted *Eve*;
 —A fig-leav'd apron, 'tis the same,
 Which *Adam* wore to hide his shame ;
 But now wants darning ; — I've beside,
 The blow by which poor *Abel* dy'd ;

A whetstone, wore exceeding small,
 Time us'd to wet his Gythe withal ;
 The very pidgeon *Noah* sent
 To tell him when the waters went ;
 A ring I've got of *Sampson's* hair,
 The same which *Dalilah* did wear ;
 St. *Dunstan's* tongs, which, story shews,
 Did pull the devil by the nose ;
 The very shaft, which all may see,
 Which *Cupid* shot at *Anthony* ;
 And, what above the rest I prize,
 A glance from *Cleopatra's* eyes ;
 Some strains of eloquence which hung
 In *Roman* times on *Tully's* tongue,
 Which long conceal'd and lost had lain,
 Till *Cowper* found them out again ;
 Then I've most curious to be seen,
 A scorpion's bite to cure the spleen ;
 A goad, which rightly us'd, will prove
 A certain remedy for love ;
 As *Moore* cures worms in stomachs bred,
 I've pills cure maggots in the head ;
 With a receipt too how to make them ;
 To you I'll leave the time to take them ;
 I've got a ray of *Phabus'* shrine,
 Found in the bottom of a mine ;
 A lawyer's conscience, large and fair,
 Fit for a judge himself to wear ;
 I've a choice nostrum, fit to make
 An oath a catholick wont take ;
 In a thumb phial you shall see,
 Close cork'd, some drops of honesty ;

Which

Which after searching kingdom round,
 At last where in a cottage found ;
 An antidote, if such there be,
 Against the charms of bribery.
 I han't collected any *Care* ;
 Of that there's plenty every where ;
 But after wond'rous labours spent,
 I've got one grain of rich *Content*.
 It is my wish, as 'tis my glory,
 To furnish your knick-knack-a-tory.
 I only beg, whene'er you shew them,
 You'll tell your friend to whom you owe them.
 Which may your other patience teach
 To do, as has done,

Your's,
 C. H.

To CELIA.

MY fair's a flow'r that's seldom found,
 Her bloom is still the same,
 Unequal'd 'all the country round,
 And *Celia* is her name.

Make up a scent of all that grows,
 Take ev'ry flow'r you meet,
 The clove, carnation, and the rose,
 Her breath is still more sweet.

Make up a form of all that's fair,
 The easy gay jonquill,

The

The lilly's bright, the hy'cinth fair,
Her form is fairer still.

Compar'd to her, the sweets of *May*;
All other flow'rs seem dead;
O gard'ner of the world, I pray
Transplant her to my bed.

A CHARACTER.

*Though nothing more than purpose in her power;
Her purpose firm is equal to the deed.*

YOUNG.

BY nature form'd of perfect shape,
By prud'ry turn'd a female ape;
By nature fram'd of double mind;
By canting principles refin'd;
In gesture starch, reserv'd, and flat;
In thought—in action—mum for that!
Severely plagu'd with envy's phlegm,
Ready by wholesale to condemn;
With every neighbour's works acquainted,
Whether he sinner is or sainted;
Slander attends her ready tongue,
And round the tattling world 'tis rung.
In younger days, too proud to own
Submission to the *Paphian* throne;
Too grave to listen to the pain,
Of any heart-afflicted swain:

Too

Too modest to submit to laws,
 Which hymen from affection draws
 But years slide on, and now too late
 She mourns her solitary fate :
 Poor, peevish, antiquated virgin !
 The men she finds no longer urging :
 In vain each stratagem is tried,
 The mean resource of baffled pride ;
 In vain the cobweb net is spread,
 Lovers sometimes with caution tread ;
 And her re-iterated toil,
 At most, excites a cruel smile.
 Distraction now to care succeeds ;
 With fiercest rage her bosom bleeds ;
 Prone to detract, with fatal skill,
 To turn and wind e'en good to ill.
 To ev'ry candid thought estrang'd,
 To a meer lump of malice chang'd :
 At either sex alternate rails,
 As spleen or calumny prevails ;
 Thinks every nymph a base coquette ;
 Paints every swain as black as jet.
 The purest flame licentious deems ;
 And wedlock's holiest right blasphemes ;
 Advises all with just decorum,
 To wait—as *Emmy* has before 'em.
 In youthful friends to gender strife,
 Is the chief pleasure of her life :
 And should the deep-laid plot succeed,
 Triumphant at the mighty deed,
 Laughs at the simple fool she cheats,
 And flies to study new deceits !

Is there a nymph whom this can fit?
 Yes — justly answers it.

Mrs. PRITCHARD'S Farewell
 Epilogue.

TH E curtain dropt — my mimic life is past,
 That scene of * *sleep* and *terror* was my last.
 Could I in such a scene my exit make,
 When every *real* feeling is awake?
 Which beating *here* superior to all art,
 Bursts in full tides from a most grateful heart.

I now appear myself — distress'd, dismay'd,
 More than in all the characters I've play'd:
 In acted passion tears must *seem* to flow;
But I have That within that passeth shew.

Before I go, and this lov'd spot forsake,
 What gratitude can give, *my wishes*, take:
 Upon your hearts may no affliction prey,
 Which cannot by the stage be chas'd away:
 And may the stage, to please each virtuous mind,
 Grow ev'ry day more moral, more refin'd:
 Refin'd from grossness, not by foreign-skill;
 Weed out the poison, but be *English* still.

To all my breth'ren whom I leave behind,
 Still may your bounty as to me, be kind.

* The last scene of *Lady Macbeth*.

F I N I S.



